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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SOFT BREAD AND SHORE GRUB.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 856.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

IT is generally taken for granted that a true American will heartily sympathize with any people struggling against oppression. This assumption is, on the whole, well founded, notwithstanding the fact that the old buoyant optimism which believed that it was only required to "plant American institutions" in any country to make the people thereof forever free and happy has largely given way to sober and discriminating ways of thinking. The average American, when hearing of uprisings in foreign lands, is now rather disposed calmly to weigh the merits of each case, and to estimate the probabilities of the outcome. Especially as to the value of the words "liberty" and "independence" and "progress," as they are used in Spanish America, he has become highly sceptical, having been taught by experience that freedom there is but too apt to become equivalent to anarchy, and order to despotism. But even the most frigid examination of the past history and the present condition of Cuba will convince us that on that island there is the amplest cause for discontent, and that the Cubans who struggle to relieve themselves of Spanish rule can give very strong reason for their doings.

When we speak of the "effete" monarchies of Europe, we can find none to which the hackneyed phrase will apply more truthfully than Spain, unless it be Turkey; and of all European powers possessing colonies beyond the seas there is none that thinks less of governing those colonies in their own interest, and more of simply fleecing them in the interest of the "mother-country" or of its rulers. Time was when it seemed to be an established custom in Spain to send prominent military chieftains who had squandered their fortunes, and who then threatened to become dangerous conspirators, as Captains-General to Cuba to give them an opportunity for stealing themselves rich, whereupon it was expected that they would become contented and harmless, at least for a season. And when one had gorged himself with Cuban wealth, another of the same ilk would take his place. Practices so abhorrent may no longer exist—there have certainly of late been Captains-General who conducted themselves honorably—but Cuba continues to be ground down by a revenue system which in all its important features is altogether determined in Spain, and which exhausts the taxpaying capacity of the Cuban people to the utmost in aid of the practically bankrupt Spanish treasury, leaving only an insignificant proportion for the benefit of the Cubans themselves.

The desire for a change is therefore a very natural one; and even most of those of the natives or permanent inhabitants of Cuba who still maintain an attitude of so-called loyalty to the mother-country ask for a larger measure of "autonomy" or home-rule. Spain has repeatedly promised reform in this direction, especially when revolutionary movements in Cuba were going on and pleasing prospects had to be opened to soothe the popular spirit. But whenever the promise was to take a definite shape it turned out that Spain would admit no system that did not keep the taxing power practically in the hands of the Spanish government—in other words, that Spain would yield a deceptive shadow of home-rule, but not the substance. Nor is this surprising. Aside from the question of national pride, Spain has absolutely no interest in Cuba except to use her as a cow to be milked. She wants Cuban money; she wants Cuba to serve the interests of Spanish manufactures, Spanish commerce, and Spanish agriculture; and being in a condition of chronic indigence, she wants this very much. Any system permitting Cuba to exploit her resources mainly for her own benefit would simply destroy the material value of the colony to Spain. It is therefore in the logic of things that Spain will never consent to such a system, unless absolutely forced to do so.

Although the war news we receive from Cuba is exceedingly unreliable, each side doing the best of its lying for its own interest, there is reason for believing that the present insurrection has gained unusually formidable proportions. The extreme and undoubtedly painful efforts made by the Spanish government to concentrate in Cuba an enormous military force, and the extraordinary caution with which that force is handled by so experienced a general as MARTINEZ CAMPOS, strongly point in that direction. The scanty successes so far achieved by the army do, indeed, not indicate that the situation is desperate for the government. For it is in all probability the plan of General CAMPOS to put his whole available force in motion for comprehensive operations only after the beginning of the cooler season, when the soldiers recently imported from Europe will be less exposed to the discomforts and dangers of the Cuban climate. Events of a decisive nature may then be expected. If then the insurrection succumbs, the old game will be likely to repeat itself. The rebels will, in the bloody Spanish fashion, be severely punished, and the old Spanish misgovernment will, in substance at least, continue as before. MARTINEZ CAMPOS, who has, like some of his predecessors, promised thorough reforms, is no doubt a well-meaning man. But his good intentions will count as nothing against the pecuniary necessities and the greed of the home government. Financially the situation of Cuba will even be seriously aggravated by the enormous cost of the suppression of the present uprising being added to the great burdens she has already to bear.

Should, on the other hand, MARTINEZ CAMPOS fail in subduing, or at least fatally crippling the insurrection during the autumn and winter, the case will indeed become extremely critical. It is very doubtful whether Spain could find the money and the men for another campaign. The independence of Cuba will then be in sight, and the question "What next?" will become a very interesting one, and not only to the Cubans themselves. Spanish rule still counts many adherents among the well-to-do classes in Cuba, because they see in not a few of the leaders of the insurgent forces men whom they would be very loath to trust with power over their affairs. Having the example of some of the South American republics before their eyes, they fear that with independence from Spain they would only jump from the frying-pan into the fire. It is among these men that, after the achievement of independence, the desire for the annexation of Cuba to the United States would probably be strongest. But the same reasons which make them afraid of an entirely independent government upon a democratic basis in Cuba should move us to beware of the annexation of Cuba to the United States. There is a deep-seated instinctive apprehension prevailing among the American people that the incorporation in this republic of countries lying near or in the tropics, and inhabited by the mixed races at home in those regions, and the endowment of such countries with the privileges and powers of equal States, would ultimately bring the gravest dangers upon the peace as well as the free institutions of the American people. It is probably owing, in part at least, to this just apprehension that the uprising in Cuba, which may thrust the question of such annexation upon us, has, with the exception of very narrow circles, awakened in this country so little sympathetic interest.

A PARTY THAT CAN WIN.

THERE is a rare opportunity for the exhibition of first-rate political leadership in this country, but there is apparently no political genius to avail himself of it. If we had a public man with the talent of JEFFERSON or CLAY or VAN BUREN or LINCOLN, he would long ago have begun a movement which by this time probably would have resulted in a party representing the principles in favor of which at one time and another since the Presidential election of 1872 the American people have announced themselves. For nearly a quarter of a century it has been clear that a party embodying certain ideas and led by men of good character might be organized, and equally clear that such a party would carry the country. But in all that time, with the possible exception of TILDEN, no man has risen with the political genius necessary for the task. Mr. TILDEN possessed the talent, but he lacked the character and the courage, and he destroyed all that he had accomplished in this direction by ostentatiously declining the nomination in 1880 in order that it might be thrust upon him. Of all the leaders of his time, Mr. CLEVELAND has been in the best position to build up a party; but Mr. CLEVELAND is not a partisan leader. He is an administrator of affairs, but he is not a captain of a party. If his party were a well-organized and harmonious body, his conduct of the Presidential office would establish its hold on the good-will of the people for years to come; but he has not been trained in the work of organization, combination, and diplomacy. He has held up a high standard. He has not only advocated causes that are popular, but he has won admiration by the boldness with which he has discarded the timid traditions of the politicians, and he has gained his victories by trusting in the honesty of the people and in their desire for good government. What he has actually accomplished in spite of the politicians is evidence of what might still be done if on retiring from office he could leave behind him a party not only pledged to carry on his work and to advance his principles, but one in whose pledges the country had confidence.

There are many reasons why men retain their old party allegiance. In the first place, tradition is strong, and there are men who actually believe that there is a fundamental difference between the parties. But the strongest reason for the maintenance of party lines is the party machine, and from the machine nothing is to be expected but subserviency and surrender to the baser elements. Each side is ready to truckle to the moneyed interests, or to the noisy populistic sentiment, or to the "boys," or to any faction that organizes itself and has votes to trade off for concessions. And yet no student of the political history of the country can doubt that the baser elements, the populists and communists, both of unthrift and of wealth, the heelers and strikers, would count for nothing if there were united against them the good citizens of both the Republican and Democratic parties who prefer that men of character and ability should be at the head of the government, and who believe in the same principles.

The great vote that was cast for Mr. TILDEN meant weariness of sectional strife, and a national verdict of approval of the work which the Democratic candidate had done in his wars on the TWEED Ring and the Canal Ring in New York. The candidacy of HANCOCK was absurd, while the people believed in GARFIELD'S character and in his party's soundness on the money question—a consideration that led to the nomination of HAYES four years before. The success of CLEVELAND in 1884 and in 1892 showed the willingness of the people to break through the old party lines whenever character was in issue. Mr. CLEVELAND'S defeat in 1888 was mainly due to the belief of the independent voters that he had yielded too much to the spoilsmen of the Democratic party, and to a skilfully reawakened fear of the Southern Congressmen in some of the agricultural sections of the country. The "Southern-Brigadier-in-the-saddle" outcry, however, was very short-lived, and it was of no avail whatever to stem the risen tide of popular disapproval of HARRISON'S civil service record, of McKinleyism, and of the truckling to the free-coinage sentiment which his candidacy represented.

The lesson of the elections of the last twenty-five years, and especially of those of the last ten years, is that the voters have a strong preference for men of character, and for men who will firmly resist the demands of self-seeking politicians. The politicians have come to recognize the fact that the people believe in civil service reform. It is for this reason that the present law was passed, and for this reason, too, that it has not been repealed. Another lesson is that the people of the whole country are not in favor of the interference of the Federal government in State and local elections. They are for honest money. They are opposed to such high-protective customs duties as were imposed by the MCKINLEY act, and they evidently believe that changes in the tariff should be for the purpose of relieving commerce of its shackles. They are against the partnership of the government in private enterprises, and, while they have no sympathy with the populistic idea of government ownership, they are hostile to the equally communistic theory that the government should engage with capitalists for the promotion of private interests, for the manipulation of the money market, for enriching private citizens with money taken from the tax-payers.

If a party could be organized on the basis of this brief outline of principles it would certainly carry the next Presidential election. It would declare in favor of a single gold standard, leaving the question of international bimetallism to be answered

when it becomes practical and present. It would insist on the retirement of the greenbacks and Treasury notes and the withdrawal of the government from the banking business. It would declare against any effort to disturb the growing prosperity of the country by increasing customs duties. It would make it clear, not only by its professions and pledges, but by the character of its leaders and candidates, that civil service reform is an established institution of the government, and that so long as it retained power no change in it would be made except for the purpose of extending its provisions, to the end that all administrative offices should finally be brought within the classified service. It would pledge itself to maintain the principle that taxation ought to be for public purposes only, and that no money should be taken from the people at large for the benefit of any individual or corporation, or of any class of citizens. It would also promise that all taxation should be fair and equal, and that it ought not, like the late populistic income tax, to rest on class divisions. Above all, it would be an American and not a Jingo party.

Neither of the existing parties has ever made these declarations or given this evidence of respect for character. Whenever either of them has approached such a platform as is here sketched, it has discredited it either by its nominations or by its qualifications through evasions and verbal double-dealings. But if neither party will adopt this programme—a programme which on examination of the votes cast at the national elections of the last ten years will be shown to be popular—why can there not be a revision of party lines? Would it not be better to be one of a party seeking to satisfy that which is best in the country than to go on with the two old organizations in a struggle to gain the pelf of office with the aid of all that is worst?

Why can there not be one party at least led by men who are for the country, and not for themselves alone?

LOCAL OPTION.

THERE is an earnest and even impassioned outcry in certain quarters for local option in New York. It is said, with some degree of truth, that the people of New York city are better capable of judging as to whether they want the saloons open or shut on Sunday, or on any other day perhaps, than the people of the distant counties of the State. Therefore, it is argued, the city itself should determine the question of an open or a close Sunday.

While this contention is specious, it is superficial, and the friends of good government in this city should not too readily commit themselves to what appears to be an easy way out of an unpleasant condition of things, for it might turn out that the difficulties which the city might thus escape would be worse than those under which it now suffers in consequence of bad State legislation.

Without regard to the argument in favor of uniformity of all laws governing the conduct of citizens of the State wherever they may be within the State's jurisdiction, an argument that is very strong, there is a practical question which does not seem to have been considered by those who are insisting that the solution of the Sunday closing question will be found in local option. The local option which is thought to be desirable for the city of New York is not local option as it is generally understood. Usually the choice of the voters is between a license system provided by the laws of the State and absolute prohibition.

In the first place the municipal government has no machinery by means of which the sale of liquor may be regulated. In other words, under our present system of municipal government in New York the city has not general legislative power. Such limited power as it possesses is lodged in the Board of Aldermen. If the people of the city should vote in favor of Sunday opening, and the Legislature of the State is to be deemed incompetent to make laws for the city on this subject, how shall the sale of liquor on Sunday be regulated? No one wants such opening of the saloons on Sunday as we have on week-days. A very large majority of Americans desire that Sunday shall be a day of rest and quiet. If the saloons were open on Sunday as they are on other days, they would be much more conspicuous than they usually are, by mere contrast with all the other places of business, that are closed not so much because of the law, but because of the traditions of the day in this country and of the habits and inclinations of the proprietors themselves. Wide-open saloons on Sunday would be exceedingly offensive, and no one wants such a solution of the problem. If the saloons are to be opened at all, they must be placed under certain restraints and limitations as to hours or as to the character of the opening.

Who is to have the power to do this? The people cannot exercise it as in town meeting. At present there is no power in the municipal government that could exercise it. Shall the charter be changed? And shall the Board of Aldermen be intrusted with this power?

This brings up another and important point for the consideration of those who are in favor of local option. Would it be wise to change the charter of the city for the purpose of giving the city government the power to legislate concerning the liquor traffic? There must be some regulative measures adopted; and is this adoption of them to be left to the city government? Under such conditions local option would probably turn out to be the bitterest curse ever inflicted on this community.

It must be remembered that, generally, the government of the city is in the hands of its worst elements. It may be that all this is to be changed, but the victory of good citizenship in 1894 does not absolutely establish good government in New York, and it is not wise to forge weapons for future Tammany Mayors, Aldermen, Police Commissioners, and Excise Commissioners. Tammany used the State liquor law to blackmail the liquor-dealers and to make liquor-selling profitable only to law-breakers. If it could do this under State regulation, what might it or its evil successors not do if the power of regulation were bestowed upon it and added to that of administration?

Local option in New York city under "boss" rule would mean the permanent and absolute control of the liquor-sellers by the vicious politicians, and the favorites of the "Hall" in power would be permitted to keep open all the time, and to make their saloons the common resorts of the vicious and criminal.

THE DUTY OF DEMOCRATS IN MARYLAND AND KENTUCKY.

THERE are two Democratic States in which interesting political contests are in progress, and if the Democratic ticket in each State shall be defeated at the coming election the result will be not only a blessing to the whole country, but to the Democratic party of the whole nation.

No self-respecting Democrat in Maryland can vote for HURST, GORMAN'S candidate for Governor, without doing violence to his conscience. No sound-money Democrat in Kentucky can vote for the free-silverite candidate, HARDIN, without aiding a cause that he knows is hostile to the material interests of the State and country.

HURST is the representative of that which has made the Democratic party most odious. His election would be the triumph of GORMAN, and the defeat not so much of the Republican party in Maryland as of the desires and beliefs of the majority of the Democratic party in Maryland as they were expressed in the State platform. A vote for GORMAN is a vote in favor of a "boss," and against all truth, sincerity, and principle. The defeat of HURST by Democratic votes would be such a defeat of bossism as would startle the machines from one end of the country to the other. If the Maryland Democrats will defeat the man whose leadership gives the lie to their own professions, they will not merely emancipate themselves and help the cause of good government in their State, but they will relieve the national Democratic organization of a man whose power and position are a constant reason for its defeat.

In Kentucky HARDIN has turned his back upon the platform, and is insisting on speaking in favor of the free coinage of silver. He has defied the State Committee, refusing either to withdraw as a candidate or to be silent on the currency question. The triumph of the honest-money Democrats in the contention over the platform seems to have been thrown away by the nomination of HARDIN. No loyalty is owing to the candidate who thus openly and impudently repudiates the declared wishes of the convention that nominated him. In view of his contemptible conduct in accepting the nomination on a platform with which he disagrees, all the time doubtless harboring the intention of his subsequent treachery, his popularity in the State is astonishing. He must have concealed his true character for many years with great skill. Now that his disguise is stripped from him, and it is certain that he and BLACKBURN are more in sympathy with the national committee recently appointed at the Washington Silver Conference than with the Kentucky Democracy, no Kentucky Democrat who is not a free-silver man should vote for either one of them.

No such victory against free silver can be won as that which Kentucky Democrats can win by defeating HARDIN.

HOW TO SUCCEED—A FRENCH VIEW OF EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

AN American writer in the current number of an American review attacks the American educational system. His arraignment is grave. To him we appear to be fundamentally wrong. Our criterion of success in the business world, he says, is not honesty and integrity and nobility of character, but it is money, and only money. In the churches the standard of success is not depth of piety, but numbers, prosperity, external results. And the evil, he asserts, exists equally in literature, in art, in education—with the deplorable consequence that no nation on the earth is so far from nature as our own nation; that the capacity for seeing the spiritual side is almost atrophied in American character. In the realm of education, he continues, "to teach the pupil how to get a living has thus far been the end and aim of school instruction.... In this land of freedom the absolute liberty of the individual results chiefly in his sacrificing the finer instincts and capacities of his nature for the one end of making money."

It would seem that such distressing conclusions may have been induced by a comparison of our achievements with some Utopian and wholly imaginary standard of excellence. Opportunely comes, from a source that lends it zest, commendation of the American educational system by a distinguished writer and teacher in France. In *La Quinzaine* (Paris, August 1st) the leading article, by M. GEORGES FONSEGRIVE is entitled "L'Art de Parvenir." It contains the substance of an address delivered to the graduating class of the Lycée Buffon, July 31, 1895, and is doubly interesting—first as an endorsement of American methods in education, and second, as an exposition of French ideas in regard to earning success in life.

Evidently M. FONSEGRIVE does not fancy that he and his colleagues are in Utopia. He has looked across the Atlantic to find his models and his inspiration among the people whose spiritual side is almost atrophied; and this he has done "because," he says, "America is *à la mode*." He has not found that the American plan is fundamentally wrong, but, on the contrary, that it is admirable and imitable.

And now mark our French critic's directions to young Frenchmen who would achieve success. They have the very accent of American life—they are transplanted and Gallicized Americanisms. That it is one's duty "*pousser soi-même*"—to rely solely upon one's self, even to *push* one's self—stands at the beginning; and as for the choice of a career, the young man should hearken to the "secret voice," choosing freely, with the absolute freedom which democratic institutions are designed to guarantee.

Especially that absorption in affairs and that incessant pursuit of the objects of ambitious desires, with which Americans habitually reproach themselves and each other, M. FONSEGRIVE approves and counsels the youth of France to emulate. "The difficult thing in life is not to try once, but to try all the time.... With eyes fixed upon your goal, march boldly: of their own accord the others will step aside to leave you a free field.... You ought to devote your thought first of all to your own affairs, enterprises, duties. Even to amusements you should not surrender yourselves except with a view to the renewal of your strength, and, in the true meaning of the common but profound expression, for re-creation. Diversion is therefore not forgetfulness; and when one consents to unbend the bow, it is but to increase its elasticity.... As between two competitors, the future belongs to him who is first to quit his bed. Shun those sports which turn a man into a mere animal, but take good care of the animal part in you. Saint FRANÇOIS d'Assise called the body 'the mulish brother,' upon whom the soul is mounted. It is necessary that our mount should be in good condition. It is also necessary that it should be controlled, so that it serves us, instead of our serving it."

The whole article is so eloquent that it should be done into English, without omission of a word. If it were so translated there would be but one token by which we might know that it had not emanated from an American source: its approbation of the American system is too cordial for that. The very noble work of our instructors, in school and college, who labor with not less zeal or less inspiration than do those of France, though for a relatively smaller reward and in positions much less secure, should not be disparaged, as in the comments by the American writer. Both the disparagement at home and the idealization abroad are excessive. Somewhere between these opposite extremes lies the truth.

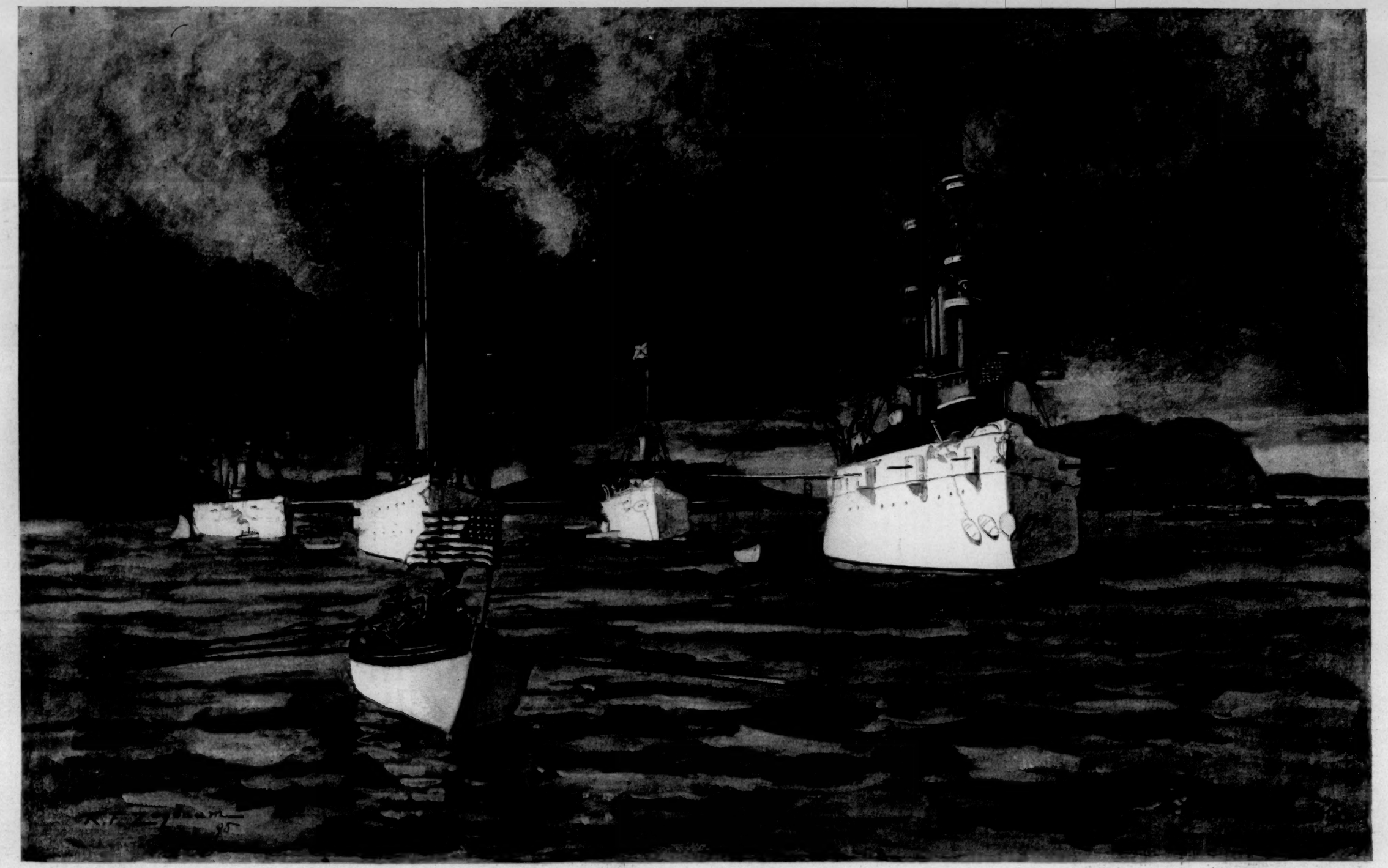
URBAN GROWTH AND MORALS.

AT a time when the subject of municipal reform is undoubtedly the leading topic of intelligent political discussion, it is interesting to compare the current manner of regarding the question with the view which prevailed in earlier times. Now, there is hardly any dissent from the opinion which identifies urban growth with advancement in civilization. But it was not always so.

When the close of the war of 1812 brought up the question of a tariff, DANIEL WEBSTER was opposed to any development of manufactures which would have the effect of withdrawing the youth from the purer and healthier influences of the country to expose them to the dangers of the city. It is to be feared that even the great development of city life in the eighty years since then has not wholly eradicated this prejudice, which has been one of the persistent traditions of English ethics. In England under the TUDORS and the STUARTS the growth of London—the natural result of the prosperity of the country—was ever regarded with dislike by the monarchs. Edicts were issued forbidding the erection of new houses, and even ordering the destruction of undesirable additions to the building record. Noblemen were commanded to return to their country-seats and live there. So wise a statesman as Lord BACON subscribed to the fanciful analogy between the corporal body and the body politic, whereof the capital was the head, and argued that excessive enlargement of the head must be prejudicial to the general health. In this he had only followed out the precedent of reformers in many ages and in many countries, dating back even to the Old Testament.

We take a different view of the city now. We admire and encourage its growth. We enlarge its area. We find the strength, the resources, the impulses of the nation, and the elements of national stability, in the great cities. We respect and appreciate the producer and the cultivator, but we also value the gains which the city alone makes possible. Learning and literature and the arts, the amenities of social intercourse, and the fruits of culture, are the products of the cities. They are worth having and worth fostering and worth defending.

This is the condition which gives importance to the question of municipal reform. In the attempt to realize these highest possibilities the worst obstacle is found to be that municipal misgovernment which has grown up unnoticed, and which we are now setting out to correct. It is an attractive and easy achievement. It is one in which every good citizen should have a part. Freedom and growth and prosperity are our possessions. Good, honest, effective, sensible, and businesslike management of municipal affairs remains to be secured.



THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT BAR HARBOR.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

DANCING.

VACATION SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.

THERE is a word in English of remote derivation, which carries with it a miserable sound, and it is "pedagogue." The final syllable invariably chokes me. As a child I never had but one brutal taskmaster, and the Lord will forgive him, for he died insane; and yet such is the force of association that I never pronounce or read the word "pedagogue" without fancying a man with blue goggles throttling a boy with one hand while he pounds him with the other. Although I have acquired from the best sources, which are German, some knowledge of what is pedagogy, and can appreciate the noble character of those who exercise it, nevertheless the slavish derivation of the word remains a continual grievance, though, after all, pedagogy only means a preparatory discipline.

SEWING CLASS.

Discipline! How are we to be disciplined? We begin now at the beginning with the kindergarten. The kindness the little one receives from its mother has scarce a shading in the improved infant school. It is the imperceptible discipline which now commences. Suppose this discipline could be carried on further and further with the child of advancing years? Might not the happiest results come from it? Would it be possible to invent a system of education where study and play were closely combined, where the child never smarted under a punishment, or carried in his mind the remembrance of a cross word?

Eureka! I have seen it. I have found it in the vacation schools of New York city, as carried out by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

At the very beginning of a description of what is the object, the practical work carried out in these vacation schools, something so impressed itself on my mind that I must needs dwell on it. I ask, then, this question: "Who are being taught at these vacation schools?" The children or the instructors? I am strongly under the impression that it is very much a case of give and take. I read a great deal about the shortcomings of public-school-teachers, of their ignorance, and what is called "the imperative want of a higher standard." I should not consider a first-class young person of Vassar or Girton as a competent teacher, even on the exhibition of her diploma. To talk grammatically is certainly desirable. To be armed at all points, as is the German state teacher, is admirable, but that does not always carry with it the faculty of imparting knowledge, and this can only be fully developed through long contact with pupils.

I am then struck with this salient fact, that in these vacation schools, for the very first time, the principals and teachers, all of whom form part of New York's Educational Department, are thrown in with an entirely new element.

All these instructors engaged by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, so as to carry out the work, are taken from the public schools. These teachers have thus been transplanted into an entirely new medium. It is a "shake up," if you please to call it so, but a voluntary one. For their services the instructors are contented with a very small emolument, and so, in a measure, they contribute their quota to the good work. This new field, so they say, is a marvel to them. They are amazed at the quick response of the children. With but a touch the instruments vibrate.

It may be that, following a wise policy indicated by the New York association, the pull on the bit, the tug on the check-rein, has been somewhat relaxed, and so to teachers and children the work has become a pleasant one. Anyhow, it is a novel experience for principals and teachers, for it is one which, widening their experiences, broadening their sympathies, is certain to benefit them in their future work. And this is what I mean by the teaching of the teachers.

I read under the head of "Vacation Schools," in a publication of the New York association, that "another phase of uplifting endeavor presented itself to the department in its commendable efforts in behalf of the young life of New York in the matter of vacation schools."

There is the long summer, the heated term, and during those warm months there is danger not alone to the morals of young children, but their physical condition is likely to run down. Referring to the immortal Isaac Watts, what may not be the temptations of those little ones who "linger in the alleys and streets during the heat of summer"? Think of the sweltering day, and the child, if not running in the red-hot street, forced to stifle in the crowded room of a tenement! Would not existence be better for a boy or a girl in a good cool school-room, where all the requirements of hygiene have been cared for?

There were at first some objections raised that it was hard on a child who had been going to school during the winter and spring to be once more cooped up. This might be the case if in the vacation schools there were the same restraints as in the regulation schools; but these vacation schools are not regulation schools. The hours are from nine to twelve. There is no afternoon school, and the term which began July 15th came to a happy conclusion on the 23d of August.

The best, the most convincing, proof of the popularity of these schools was derived from the children themselves. It was not necessary to ask that of either the boys or girls or their parents. One child had told another of "the fine time at school," and as good news travels fast, all the children wanted to come. Last year there were three vacation schools in New York, with an attendance of 2100 children. You may call that a tentative business. This year there were six schools—the No. 1, at the Primary School, Delancey and Ludlow streets; the No. 16, in East Thirty-second Street; the No. 51, West Forty-fourth Street; the No. 79, First Street; the No. 92, Broome and Ridge streets; and the No. 96, Eighty-first Street and Avenue A. Commodious quarters have thus been given these vacation schools by the Board of Education. The attendance was 7000 children, all enrolled, of which not quite one-half were boys. The excess of girls is worthy of the most careful consideration. Children by the hundreds were anxious to enter the schools, but unfortunately there was no more room. Occasionally a child left, from removal of the parents from the quarter. Then, at once, when the vacancy was known, there were innumerable applicants for the place. It is safe to say that providing there are more vacation schools next year, the attendance will be fully 15,000.

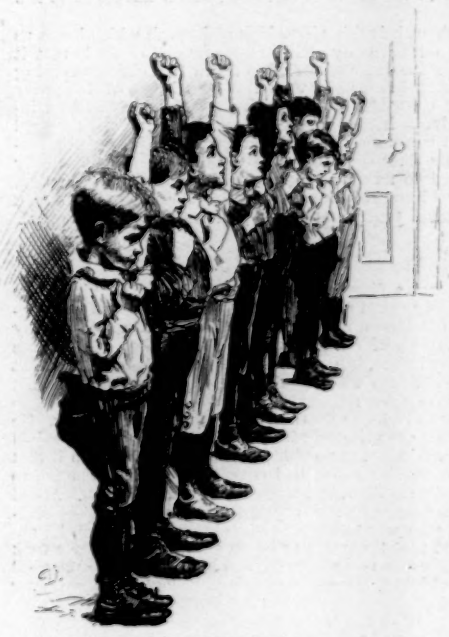
The New York association furnishes all the materials used by the pupils. The branches taught are sewing, drawing, kindergarten work, modelling, music, wood-work, gymnastics, hygiene, science, composition, language, business forms, and penmanship. There is a varied curriculum for you!

Think of this, too, as something startling, abnormal! These vacation schools are absolutely bookless. There was no rustle of turning leaves. No little fingers ran along the crowded parallels of the lines of print and got wretchedly mixed up—errors to be credited, of course, to pudgy finger-tips. If there were any books, the teachers held them as refreshers for their memories. It was all oral instruction, improvised, as it were, on the spur of the moment, and was never dogmatic. It was the most insinuating, wheedling, of all methods of instruction.

I entered the school, the No. 92, Broome and Ridge Street, as a vacation pupil. If there is a congested district it is here—a population of 196,000 to the square mile. I was with 600 children. All the rooms were occupied. It was a most cheerful sight. It was a holiday school. At least I judged so by the neat appearance of the girls and boys. The poor mothers of these little people apparently had taken a pride in having their children come to school in clean clothes, and that is a great thing of itself alone. It was a jolly class-room. There was not any disorder—not the sign of it. When the teacher was talking, there was no disturbing sound. There was a little tot sound asleep. The principal picked her gently up from her low stool and perched her in a high chair, where her slumbers were continued, and not a child in the class even smiled. It was so natural to sleep. The class was dismissed. The shuffle of steps waked the child; she opened her eyes, crawled down from her chair, and mounted another by the principal's side, and once more went to sleep.

I went from class to class for instruction. All the new bright inventions intended to stimulate a child's powers of observation and to teach him the use of his fingers were here. Paper was twisted, curled, and the little ones were shown differences in shades of colors. There was a class of botany—and a freshly plucked chestnut bough and a branch of maple, with its seeds, were waved before the class, and at once the children acquired that primary instruction in plant life which they are never likely to forget. The lads handed in their exercises. Here was an ambitious Toots, in a copperplate hand, with proper punctuation, asking for a position, which situation, in an imaginary way, was suppositiously vacant in a great grocery store of New York. I wish I could write such a good hand. If penmanship secured the place, the boy, who could not have been more than nine years old, would now be cutting cheese or passing over the counter bottles of pickles.

Here was a sewing-school, where the first instructions in the complicated art of "cutting out" were being taught. It was out of old newspapers that the fashions were formed. From the intricacy of an apron the little girls will rise by slow degrees to the involution of a sleeve. It was practical



CALISTHENICS.

work, for the little maids showed what I may venture to call actual serviceable aprons, though I suspected one was a trifle ostentatious with a frill on it.

The kindergarten class was a beautiful little picture. It was one big smile, with gurgling and chuckling thrown in. The babies ought to have looked grave when they went through their facings, but they were all the more gleesome. How could an old dame, her iron-gray hair covered by a corrugated cap, teach kindergarten? The requisite is a pleasing, quick-witted young woman—otherwise it would have been like having a cat in a cage with canary-bird fledglings. It was fairyland for these little beings—for imagination was humored here to its fullest bent. The children lived in palaces, and the fountains that played there still flash and splash in their dingy homes.

Was I overwhelmed, shocked at a final performance of this play school? I was ushered into a big cool basement, and there was a piano and a performer. And what did the musician bring forth from the keys? A dance—a waltz, a gallopade; and there were a half-hundred little maids who glided along, and they kept the tempo perfectly, and they swayed and they balanced with pretty grace. And now it can be understood how it is that when the Italian organ-grinder passes of a summer evening in these congested districts, and there is an asphalt pavement, there is an improvised corps de ballet. What, dance in the basement of a public school? Pray remember that all honest amusement is perfectly legitimate in this play school, and that it is as natural for a healthy child to dance as it is for it to laugh. You would not understand the special character of this Nursery University Settlement if you frowned down this innocent dancing.

I lingered purposely to witness the general exit. I really did not wish to be dismissed. Would the little ones tear out into the streets? I know that departure from a school must be as dignified as the march home after guard-mounting. I was astonished. There was no exhibition of haste. The children lingered. I had been in school quite two hours, and my six hundred comrades an hour more. The principal was alongside of me. "They always behave that way here," the lady said. "They don't seem to know that school is out." That was the highest compliment, I thought, the scholars of the vacation school could pay principals, the teachers, and the whole system.

One thing most worthy of comment is this, that this particular vacation school was in the middle of the Jewish quarter, and probably three-quarters of the children were Jews. This shows how wide, how generous, is the very essence of this association. So it is a blessed thing which tries to educate children, irrespective of creed. This is the way to foster true republicanism. A more sensible, practical work than these vacation schools in a great city I do not know of.

Suppose that in 1896 there are wanted school-rooms and teachers for 20,000 children? The admirable character of the work done so far ought to be the guarantee that ample means will be found in the future. This too must be borne in mind, that associated with these schools there are "ocean parties," fresh-air excursions, and so comes increase of health and happiness for these vacation-school pupils.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

LIFE AND LETTERS

ONE of the prettiest things of the summer now idling towards its end was a scene which Life and Letters witnessed one evening at the station in a little village not far from New York, while the summer was yet in its July lustihood. It was the arrival of a carful of those children of the slums who are sent into the country by the different fresh-air funds during the hot weather for a fortnight's outing. Life and Letters had often heard and even read of this charity, but they had never expected to witness its operation, and in view of it they had to make the reflection that if you only live long enough you will see everything, for naturally you will wish to go everywhere in the effort to kill time, which has failed to kill you.

Perhaps it is the will to look and to ask which keeps us alive; but certainly one of the terrors of death is that it forbids the satisfaction of so much curiosity concerning this very interesting world. The friends of longevity might do worse than consider the cultivation of an inquisitive spirit as a means to it; but it must be owned that it was with no definite or conscious purpose of prolonging their days that Life and Letters now so eagerly listened to an old villager, seated on the platform edge, who told them of the expected arrival of the children, and responded gladly and almost gratefully to their question.

I.

He was a German, by accent at least, but his artless humanity could not have uttered itself better in the English of Addison, if that is still the best; if not, let us say the English of Mr. James. At any rate he told how, the Sunday before, it had been given out in the churches that these children were coming up from the city, and that any who chose might meet them at the station and take one or more home for the fortnight they were to stay. He said that the priest of his own church, who may be called Father O'Brien, at no risk of identifying him even if that was really his name, had gone down to the Junction to meet the children, and was coming up with them. Asked (as the space-men now say, with a truly reckless succinctness) who was to defray their charges for board, he answered that there was to be no charge; that people took the little ones and gladly fed and lodged them for the good it would do. He had a simple philosophy of the matter which summed itself up in the statement that people enchoyed it, and it was a bleasure. He was himself there to take two of the little ones home with him, and while he talked on, Life and Letters were aware of other villagers waiting about, and of others yet coming, until there was something like a crowd at the station to welcome the visitors. Most of the crowd were women, but here and there was a man who had come in his wife's stead, and looked anxious, as if he were trying to remember her instructions and cautions as to the kind of guest he should bring home.

The whistle of the approaching train sounded, and there was a visible sensation in the crowd, which pressed forward on the platform. The cars had hardly come to a stand when a tumult of boys with little bundles of clothing in their hands burst from the door of the foremost car, and swarmed down the steps and out upon the platform, where they began to beat one another on the back and over the head with their bundles in token of their transport. An equal number of little girls followed more demurely, after the poor manner of a sex which convention does not permit the athletic expression of its emotions. But there could be no doubt that the little girls were happy too, and if they were kept with less difficulty than the boys from hurling themselves under the wheels of the departing train, they did their best to fill the hands of the agent who had brought them from New York, and of the priest who had gone down to meet them at the Junction. These, and several ladies of the village who seemed to be there by authority, at last got the children in some sort of order, rank behind rank, and then, before those who were to be their hosts began to choose among them, Life and Letters could see how very pretty the most of them were. They might almost have been taken for their good looks rather than their good behavior, or their need, or whatever really determined the charity to send them and not others; and this department could not help thinking with pride what a very handsome race the Americans of the future would be when all these little aliens were grandfathers and grandmothers. Aliens they all seemed to be; German, Irish, Italian, Polish, Russian, Bohemian; but as to the East Side races of this metropolis one must not always be sure that there is not here and there an American among them. They were all surprisingly well dressed, too, and one could ache at heart a little, if one would, to think how long and late weary mother-hands might have made and mended, and washed and ironed, to their pretty effect in the hot rooms of tenements the night before. One could see with less pathos the evidence of anxiety in the good newspaper which had collected the fund to send them, and which notified the fact to all beholders in the satin badges the little ones wore. But here they were, however, in the blessed country which they must have known of as children of happier fate know of fairyland, and for two weeks they were to be at play in the free fields and woods, with all the untold wonders of the farm before them.

For Life and Letters it would have been hard to choose among them; and to tell the truth their intending hosts and hostesses seemed to suffer some such embarrassment of riches, so that it was a relief from time to time when a kindly voice proclaimed a decision. "I want this little girl." "I'm going to take these two." "Here, boy, I am going to have *you*, *any*way!" Then came a flash of eager study from the eyes preternaturally keen and wise, and the children began to go away with their choosers, one by one and two by two. None apparently objected to their choosers, and being a department of great sensibility, Life and Letters would not stay to see which was chosen last, or left to be taken. In this world some one must always be last, and it is so long before the last shall be first!

II.

Still, upon the whole, the department went to its hotel with an uncommon appetite for dinner, and not without something of that feeling of virtue which the sight of a good deed inspires. One has perhaps not done it one's self, but one has at least been witness to the fact that in a world where there is so much sorrow and suffering there is also much compassion, which one can often share at no personal expense. It was a chance that Life and Letters had been present at this expression of it, and what afflicted them, in the midst of the consolation they could not help feeling, was that it was only a chance. Very probably they would enjoy no other during the whole summer, and they must make the most of this. They had seen the temporary enlargement of one little group of the prisoners of poverty, and they must hope and believe that there were everywhere other groups set free for a fortnight from the imprisonment of streets and tenements. To be sure this could at best scarcely affect the great multitude serving life sentences there, and it became a question what people in easy circumstances ought to do in their vacations for those who had none or the hope of any. If they could do very little they could feel and think a great deal, and it was perhaps rather a question of what this feeling and thinking ought to be.

III.

Life: "I confess that I try to forget those people in town. Sometimes I see no use in remembering them, for I can't find that it does them the least good, and it makes me wretched."

Letters: "Yes, the sort of self-reproach the thought of them involves is certainly useless. And ought one to indulge in a vain self-reproach merely because one knows they are very uncomfortable in town, while one is blessed by the sounding sea or among the everlasting hills? Isn't there a mystical duty one may discharge by being happy for them better than by being unhappy for them?"

Life: "I see what you mean! And it sounds very hopeful, though there may be nothing in it. Won't you explain?"

Letters: "Why, you remember that delightful paper of Thackeray's about certain dinners in Paris, which he describes in such savory circumstance and detail? He becomes so enthusiastic in his enjoyment of them that he ends by offering to take commissions for eating Paris dinners from friends who are unable to leave London themselves, and promises the utmost care and diligence in the discharge of his commissions."

Life: "That is very suggestive. Something might be done on that principle."

Letters: "Vastly more than by self-reproach, however keen and sincere. As one of our eminent millionaires has taught, we ought to regard any superior prosperity we may have as a trust, and we ought to enjoy our advantages largely in behalf of others. If we have them, we must take it for granted that we were meant to have them, and not accuse the order of Providence by idle repinings."

Life: "Go on! This is balm to my soul!"

Letters: "You see what I mean. If we are wandering about here, up and down the summer, from the song of the pine to the song of the sea, with no merit of ours, or at least no more than that of many people pent in city shops and offices, we must not suppose there is no meaning in it. We must regard ourselves as the representatives of our less fortunate fellow-beings, and mystically deputed to be present for them wherever it is cool and pleasant and beautiful. If this is the case it is our duty to be as happy as possible for them, to bathe in the surf, to stroll under the whispering boughs, to swing in hammocks, to gossip on hotel piazzas, to listen to the music, and look at the dancing. We ought to give them the fullest and richest summer we can, go to the nicest places, get the best rooms, and be very fastidious and exacting about the table for them. We must make it a rule to avoid places frequented by excursions, and parties of people who come out for the day—"

Life: "Ah, I'm not so sure of that! I've often heard people who are spending the whole summer at some lovely place, cruelly and I think piggishly object to the presence of poor creatures who can only pay it a flying visit in large and sweltering multitudes. They say they are vulgar, and the sight is distasteful; and I'll allow that they are sometimes annoying; but as for the vulgarity! No, I can't think our constituents would wish us to shun the excursionists too proudly or grudge them their pleasure. Perhaps some of them would be of the excursion themselves."

Letters: "Some of them, yes, but not all. For I don't suppose that this department, in its mystical capacity, represents a slum constituency entirely, or even a constituency altogether made up of merely decent and industrious people. I like to think that there are many charming and cultivated persons among our constituents: wives who will not leave their husbands to the solitude of the city; sweet village maids and matrons, who read about the scenes of grandeur and gayety we visit, but can never hope to see them except through our eyes; earnest clergymen in small towns who will not even go to Europe for the summer, much less to our own hills or shores; lonely girls on remote farms who feed their hearts with scraps of hearsay about the world which palls upon us; young fellows just out of college and girding themselves for the struggle of life, with no eye for the play that seems the whole of it where we go; refined persons of all callings and all orders and degrees of adversity, who never could make both ends meet over the gap of a summer outing. We must be careful of the feelings of this class of our constituents, and not suffer them to be molested by excursions."

Life: "I see what you mean; but—I interrupted!"

Letters: "Oh no! I was merely going to say that I think every one who has a summer outing ought to feel himself the representative of those who haven't. He ought, for example, to write to his home-keeping friends and brethren from time to time, and say something like 'I wish you could be here with me to take a dip in old ocean to-day,' or, 'The sunset on Mount Washington was glorious this evening. I thought of you, and how much you would have enjoyed it.' This might not do the home-keepers much good, but it would at least show them how nice and unselfish their deputy was."

Life: "Yes, all that is true; but doesn't it all seem rather Barmecide?"

Letters: "Yes, rather Barmecide, I'll allow. But it's the best that can be done towards the greatest good of the greatest number, at present."

Life: "At present, perhaps. But always? I was reading, a year or two ago, a paper by Mr. J. B. Harrison, who was Secretary of the National Park Association at Niagara, and who has been such a strenuous friend of the public ownership of our mountains and forests. He thought that when the State had bought these, it should open and maintain summer hostelries in them at such a cheap rate that most of the people might hope to visit their property during the summer, and feel at home on it. Why wouldn't that be a good plan with the sea-shore, too?"

Letters: "Quite as good as with the mountains. But I suppose there are people who would object to the State going into the hotel business."

Life: "Would it be worse than going into the saloon business, as it has in Sweden and in South Carolina?"

Letters: "Ah, they object even to that. But we might give away Mountain Hotel franchises, and let them be run by syndicates. That would be more in keeping with the national genius. But either sort of hotels is in what is called the far future, I'm afraid."

Life: "In the mean time, why do the fresh-air funds send only or mainly children into the country? Why not a few middle-aged men and women?"

Letters: "I suppose they couldn't so well leave their work as the children can leave their play. Besides, the children wouldn't be satisfied with a representative outing. They want to have it at first hand, and in their own persons, or they can't enjoy it."

Life: "Then there is nothing but the representative enjoyment of the summer for the great mass of the people?"

Letters: "Nothing; and there can be nothing like it for the cultivation of a true altruistic spirit in the representative. Think what good it does *him!* How generous it makes the deputy of the home-keepers! He almost longs to be with them, and he often feels like telling them he envies them their peaceable stay in the cities, when he is knocking about in trains and stations, stifling in alien rooms, and spoiling his digestion at hotel tables. Yet for their sake he continues to worry through the summer at the shore and in the mountains."

Life: "I see what you mean. Then, why wouldn't it be a good plan for groups of people everywhere who can't get away themselves to club together, and send some self-sacrificing spirit to an agreeable summer resort as their representative? Why should he personally be at the expense of going? Isn't it rather a hardship?"

Letters: "It would certainly be more thoughtful of those who staid at home."

W. D. HOWELLS.

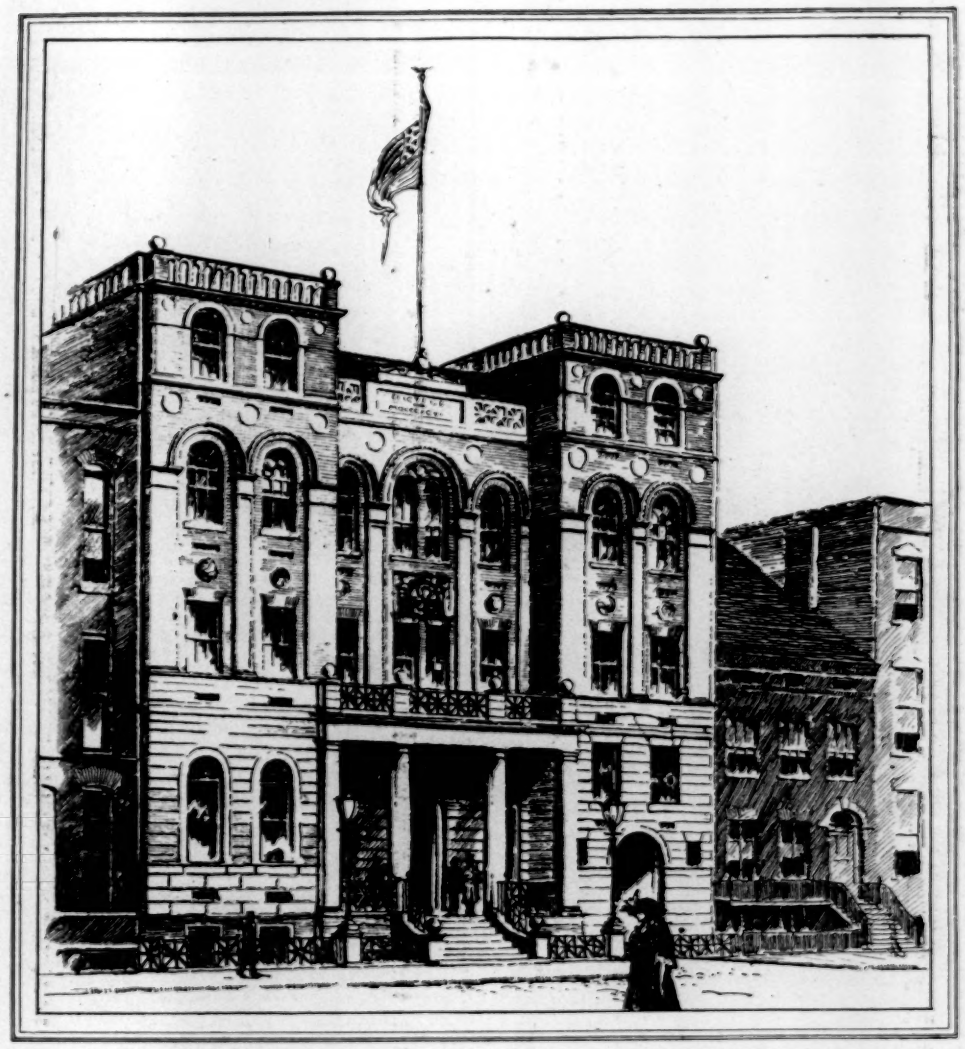
NEW POLICE STATIONS IN NEW YORK.

THE new police commission has found conditions existing in the buildings devoted to the use of policemen that compel it to take immediate steps toward repairs and rebuilding. New York is to-day possessed of no building occupied by police that compares favorably with the buildings of other cities. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and notably Boston are several years in advance in most of those things that go towards the practical and economical housing of their policemen.

We show to-day a view of the first of the new police station-houses to be built. The site is on Charles Street well over toward the North River, and it will occupy three full lots, with a frontage of 75 feet on the street and a depth of somewhat less than 100 feet.

The drawing we publish is from the design of Mr. John Du Fais, which, after careful consideration, the board has selected from many others as most perfectly filling the conditions requisite towards supplying present exigencies and also such as in the future are likely to arise. The building will be constructed in a substantial manner. Its plan is an outgrowth of the habits and discipline of the inmates, and it will provide sleeping accommodations for 136 patrolmen, besides the roundsmen, sergeants, detectives, and captain usual to so large a precinct. It also will contain an office for one of the inspectors of the department. The main floor contains a large audience-room for the transaction of the ordinary hearings and general business of the station, from the desk of which the sergeant immediately in charge can control all parts of the building, and from which he can, by an ingenious arrangement of plan, see what goes on in all approaches and exits. On this story are also the captain's private office, sergeants' office, waiting-room, matron's room, surgeon's room, detective's room, and a large guard or sitting room for the men. The prison is placed on the rear of the lot, and has accommodations for twenty-four men and eight women prisoners, as well as rooms for such lodgers as the police are forced to take care of at night. In the basement are large coal space, heating space, engine-room, and toilet, drying and boot rooms for the men on watch, and a gymnasium. The street-line at the side is occupied by the stable. The moving of prisoners to and from the building will be by means of patrol wagons, which will receive and discharge their enforced passengers and attendants inside the building. Provision is also made for the loading of wagons inside the building with policemen on occasions of sudden calls in cases of fire or riot. The space beneath the stable is for storing election booths.

In the mezzanine story, above the stable, are the inspector's office and the captain's sleeping-room. The upper part of the house is devoted entirely to dormitories for the men. The 136 men composing the entire force of patrolmen of the precinct are divided into two platoons of 68 men each, and these in turn are subdivided into two sections each of 34 men. Only one section usually goes on duty at a time. Any chance of crowding or interference on a sudden call to prepare for duty is avoided by separating the men into rooms no one of which contains more than eleven beds. With this arrangement, too, only men ordered out will be disturbed. Every man has his locker next to his bed. No bed faces the light. No man can enter or leave his sleeping-room without passing an officer's door. Such matters, down to the smallest detail, are receiving careful attention.



THE NEW NINTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION, NEW YORK.—JOHN DU FAIS, ARCHITECT.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS.

BY W. W. ROCKHILL.

THE Sixth International Geographical Congress, which met in London on the 26th of July, and whose sessions terminated on the 3d of August, will mark, I think, an important epoch in the history of geographical science. It was also the best attended of all the congresses which have been held since the initial one of Antwerp in 1871; for the peculiarly favorable position of London, the practical centre of the land masses of the globe, with the richest collections of all that relates to geography and exploration, makes it a geographers' and students' paradise, to which all who can will ever hasten at the first call. And so at London there were many noted students of geography and great explorers from all parts of the world, men who had devoted their lives to the study of geography, as Professors Neumeyer, Wagner, Levasseur, De Laparrent, Dr. John Murray, and many others; daring explorers like Arminius Vámbéry, Count Pfeil, Baron Dhanis, Henry Stanley, Sir George Nares, Admiral Markham, Slatin Pasha—just escaped from the Mahdists of the Soudan, after eleven years of captivity—and Borchgrevink, only a few days back from Victoria Land, that great antarctic continent discovered by Ross over half a century ago, but until now never trodden by man.

To add to the interest of such a gathering, the geographical treasures of the British Museum were placed on exhibition, beautiful fourteenth and fifteenth century codices of Ptolemy, and exquisitely illuminated Portuguese *portolani* of the sixteenth century. There were Captain John White's original colored drawings of 1585, afterwards engraved in Harriot's *Virginia* of 1590, and about sixty other cartographical treasures little if at all known to even specialists. Elsewhere in the ethnological department of the Museum was a unique collection of astrolabes, compasses, and other nautical instruments, of all countries and times, of Arabs, Chinese, Portuguese, and British.

In the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society were to be seen the original sketch maps of Livingstone, of Speke, note-books of Sir John Franklin, relics of other great explorers, and innumerable other objects of interest, while in a dozen or more rooms of the Imperial Institute, in some of which the congress held its sessions, was another exhibition of things interesting to geographers and intending travellers or explorers. Here were exhibits made by various foreign governments of the cartographical work being done by them, the exhibit of the German government especially rich and full, and, to my regret, that of the United States strikingly poor and small. There were also shown samples of food, of clothing, of tents, fire-arms, etc., surveying instruments, and new inventions of importance to travellers.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this unique exhibition was that in which the objects of historical interest were exposed—the famous series of maps by Leonardo da Vinci, now the property of the Queen; the Molyneux globe from the Middle Temple; relics of Humboldt, of Barth, Emin Pasha, and Gordon; thirty-seven different editions of Ptolemy, and the Earl of Crawford's famous copy of De Bry, which is believed to be the only complete collection of these famous travels.

Of the work of the congress, the subjects which naturally proved of greatest general interest were arctic exploration, the future of Africa, and the extension of geographical study in schools and universities.

The importance the congress attached to arctic exploration is best shown by the following resolution, which it passed by acclamation:

> "The Sixth Geographical Congress, with reference to the exploration of the antarctic regions, expresses the opinion that this is the greatest piece of geographical exploration still to be undertaken, and, in view of the addition to knowledge in almost every branch of science which would result from such scientific exploration, the congress recommends that the several scientific societies throughout the world should urge, in whatever way seems to them most effective, that this work should be undertaken before the close of the century."

The question of the future of Central Africa, which occupied much of the time of the congress, was of great interest even to us Americans, who look only as disinterested spectators on the present war of conquest so savagely waged in parts of that vast region. From all that was said by those best qualified to speak, it appears clearly that Central Africa is unfit for European colonization, that the only object now in view by those countries which have taken more or less real possession of such vast tracts of it is the discovery of the best means of exploiting it, of bleeding it of its riches, regardless of the wishes, welfare, and future of any native populations now inhabiting it—a sad comment on the value of the work so vigorously prosecuted.

The question of the determination of a prime meridian to be adopted by all countries alike, and of the elaboration of a map of the world on a uniform scale, was also a topic which received considerable attention. While all those present agreed that it would be most desirable to have Greenwich as the point from which to count time, and that the metric system was the one best suited to general requirements in reckoning distances on maps, and also that a map of the world on a large and uniform scale was most desirable, it appears highly improbable that the resolutions passed by the congress will lead to the making of such a map in the near future. Questions of national pride and prejudice stand in the way, and many other difficulties have still to be overcome before such a grand project may be realized; among these I may only mention the until now insurmountable one of a uniform system of transcription of words and names. There can be no doubt, however, that, as opportunity offers, the opinion of such a body of experts as was gathered together at the congress of London will have great weight with the various governments of the world, and all leads me to believe that this great scheme will ultimately be carried out as recommended by that body.

One of the most adventuresome schemes submitted to the Geographical Congress was that of Mr. Andrée, who proposes next year attempting to reach the north pole in a balloon. The King of Sweden has shown great interest in Mr. Andrée's undertaking, and all the necessary funds have been supplied him. He hopes to take his balloon to some spot on the island of Spitzbergen, and there wait until a favorable southerly wind sets in, when he will promptly fill it and set sail. The opinions of most of the arctic explorers present were decidedly adverse to this plan, but it is but fair to admit that a very prominent aeronaut who spoke on the matter considered it quite feasible. We can but hope that the bold traveller will not only meet with the success which his pluck deserves, but that, besides discovering the north pole, he will bring us back news of his countryman, Mr. Nansen, who started out last year in his little ship, *The Fram*, to drift across the north pole, stuck fast in the ice, and of whom no tidings have, naturally enough, been received.

Perhaps the most important practical result of the congress will be the extension of geographical education, which already underwent a great change after the debates of the Antwerp Congress of 1871. While France and Germany have done much since that time to encourage the scientific study of geography, England and other countries, among which the United States is prominent, have done little or nothing. It was only a few years ago, at the persistent request and through the liberality of the Royal Geographical Society, that lecturers on geography were appointed at Oxford and Cambridge. While much remains to be done to give this important study its proper recognition, signs are not wanting to show that more will soon be done for it in English schools and universities. Let us only hope that our country may also soon realize the value of thorough geographical training, and give geographic science a proper recognition in our colleges; also, that in a country where printing has reached such a very high standing, one may find, outside of a couple of government offices, where work of great, even unsurpassed, excellence is done, good maps, of which we are at present absolutely devoid. With a better knowledge of geography our interest in foreign affairs and countries will broaden, and we will be better able to follow intelligently what is going on around us in the world, and understand history as we cannot possibly do without it, putting aside all the practical advantages which our more thorough knowledge of our globe must bring us.

If this congress accomplishes nothing else, it will have served to show us a great educational defect in our country, and it has given us valuable suggestions for its cure.

At the last meeting of the congress an invitation was made it by the National Geographic Society of Washington to hold its next session in America, at such time and place as it should see fit. The congress, which was now drawing to a close, had been so eminently successful, the attendance so large, that many Americans felt a certain amount of relief when told that the officers of the congress preferred Berlin as the place for holding its next session, and all present voted accordingly. It would have been hopeless to try to make the congress if held in the United States the success we all wish the first one held on our continent to be. In declining the invitation, however, the officers of the congress took occasion to recognize the desirability of the congress meeting, as soon as practicable, at some place on this side of the Atlantic, and with this assurance the Americans left London, determined to try and so awaken interest in geographic science in our country that when the Geographical Congress, at some future day not too far off, holds its sessions here, it will be as great a success as the one just ended in London has unquestionably been.

OVERLOOKING THE COURSE OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES—FROM THE HIGHLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.

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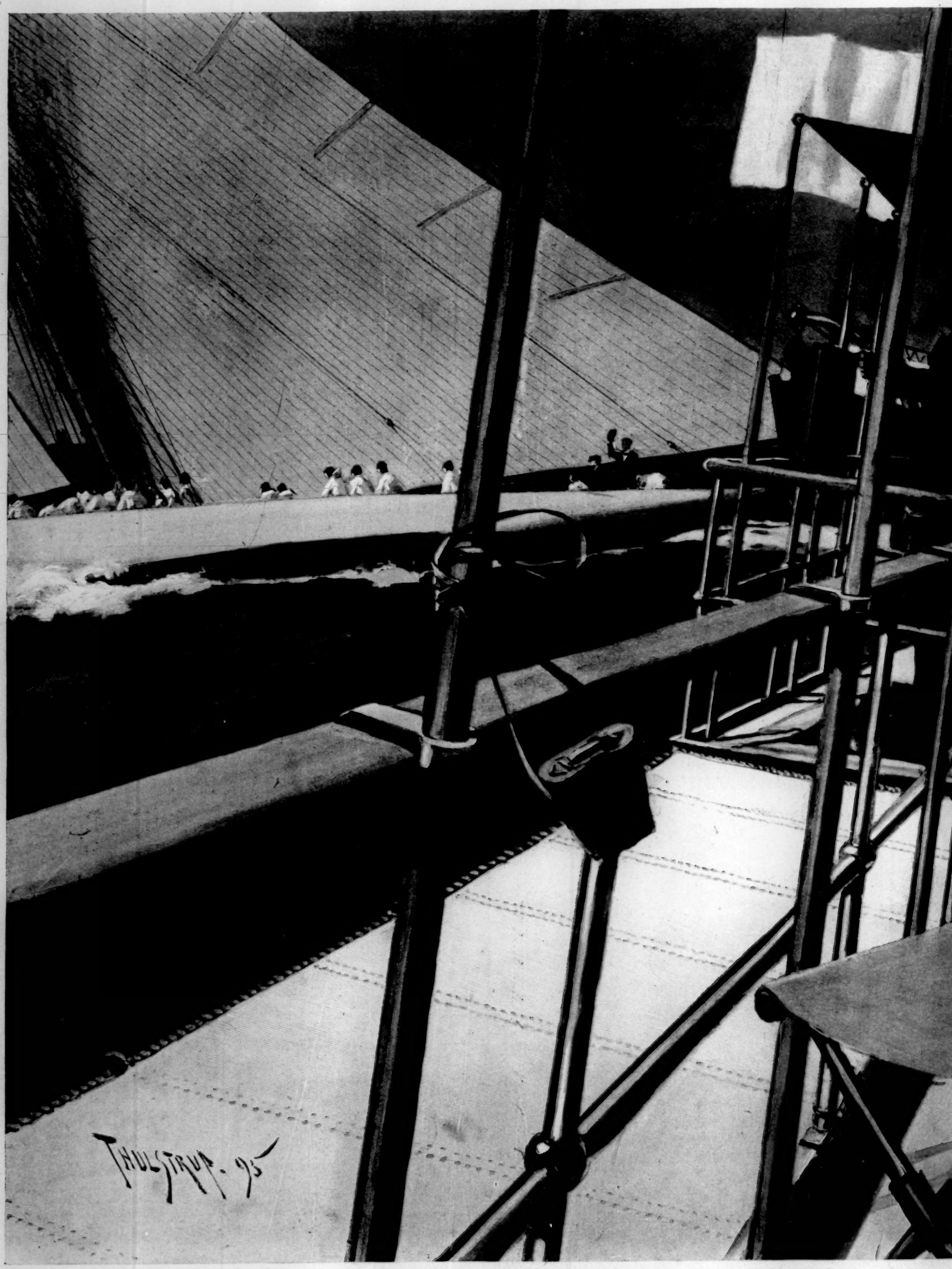
Vigilant.

"DEFENDER."

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.



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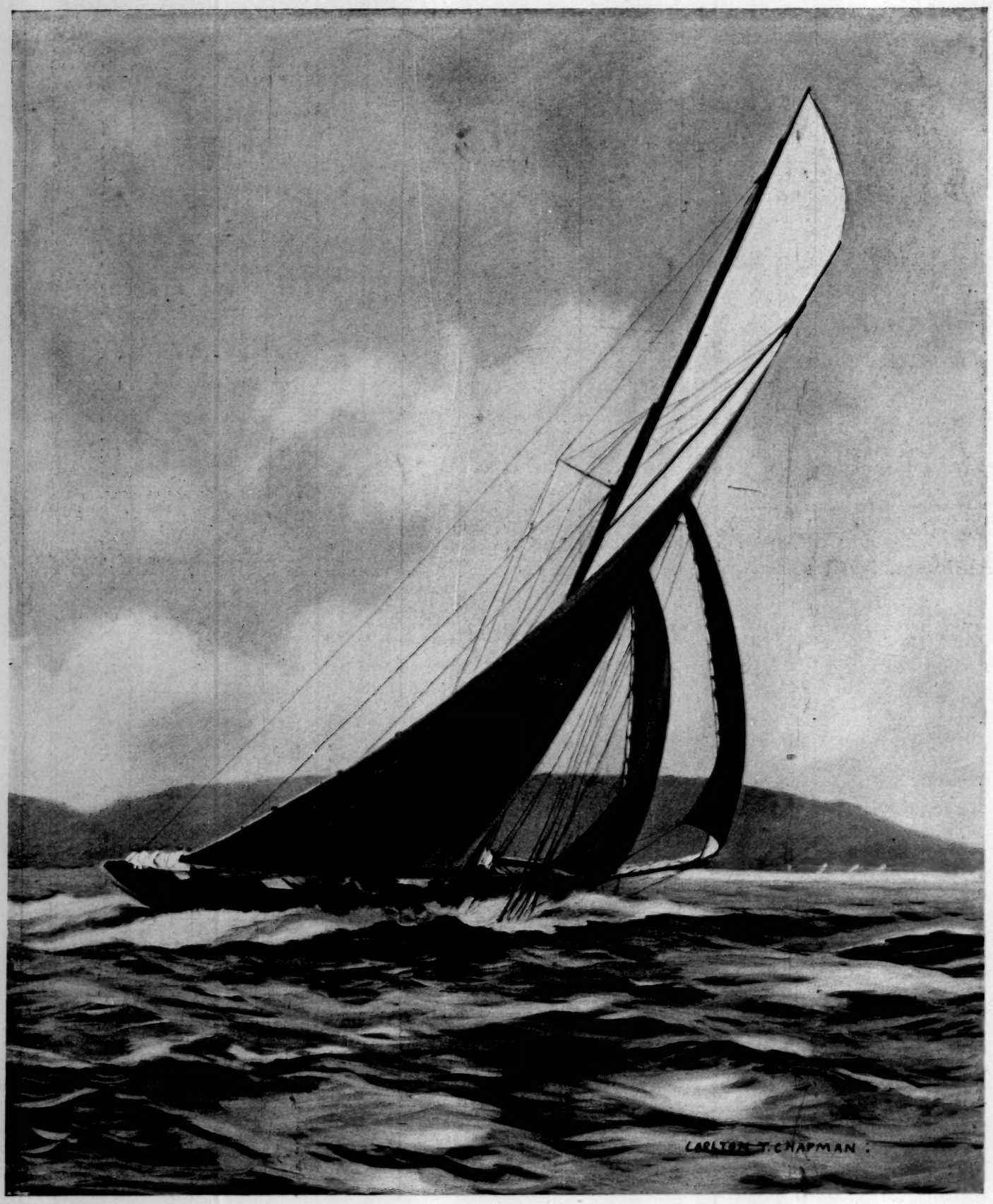
"FIRST OVER THE LINE"—TAKING THE TIME FROM COMMODO

MODORE BROWN'S YACHT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Amateur Sport."]



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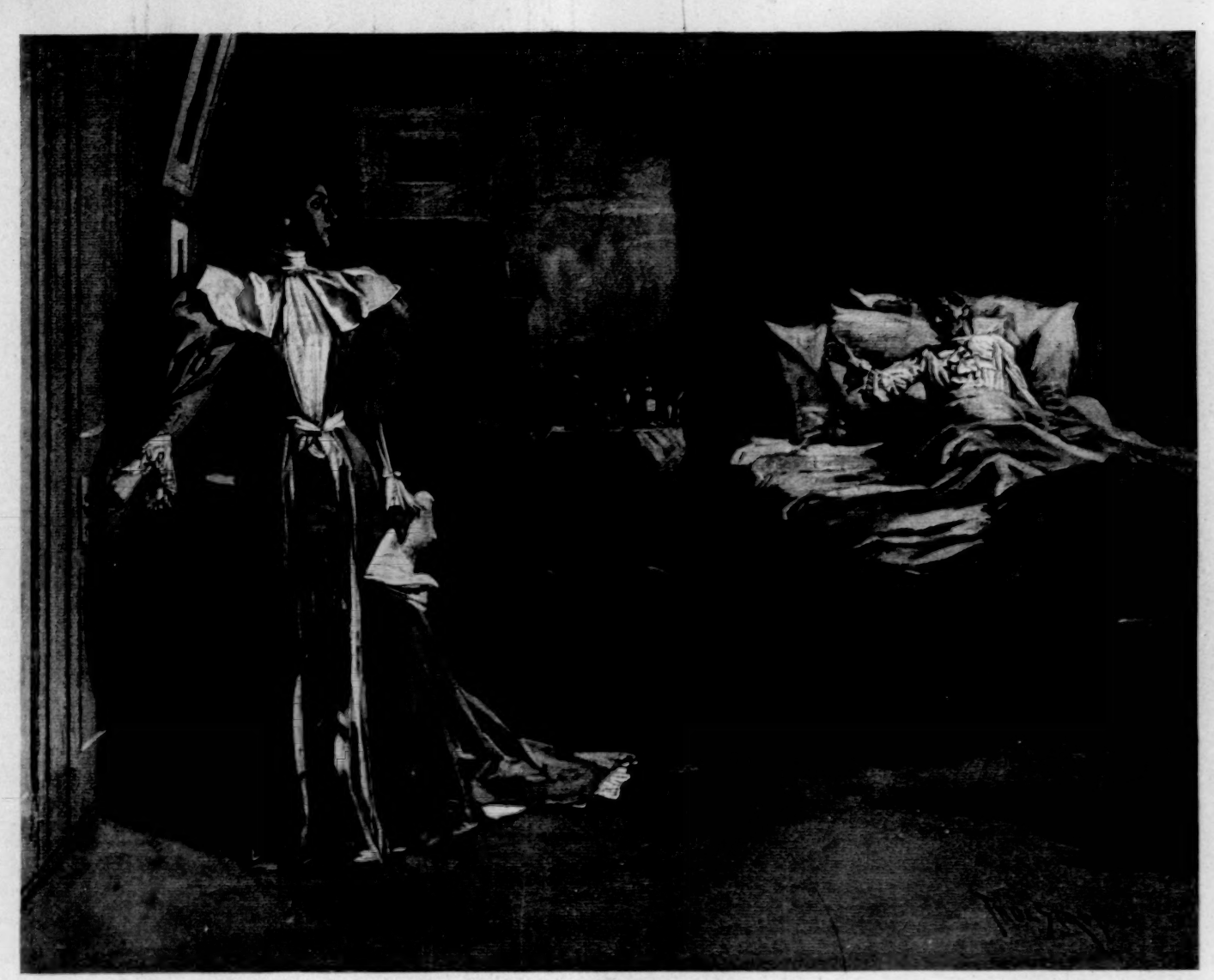
"VALKYRIE III."

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.



"THE YOUNG WIFE STOOD STILL, WITH HER HAND ON THE DOOR."

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

XIII.

THE next morning Mrs. Pierce was much feebler than she had been. She was far too weak to get up. When Mary entered her mother-in-law's bedroom she was shocked at the change for the worse in the appearance of the elder lady. She asked Mrs. Pierce if she had been ill during the night, and Mrs. Pierce shook her head wearily. Then she gave Mary a faint smile, and admitted that she did not feel as strong as usual.

"Where is Winslow?" she inquired, looking fixedly at her daughter-in-law, as though to discover whether the younger woman had or had not any knowledge of the painful scene of the previous midnight.

"He is lazy this morning," Mary answered. "I think he did not sleep well last night, and I don't believe he is dressed yet. I went down all alone to have breakfast with father."

"Then Winslow hasn't seen father this morning?" Mrs. Pierce asked, anxiously.

"No," responded Mary. "Does father want to see him now?"

"I don't know," the mother answered. "I hope not—I mean, I suppose not."

Mary looked at the elder lady in surprise. She noted how thin Mrs. Pierce was, and how wan. The gray streaks in the elder woman's light brown hair were broadening and turning white very fast, and the lines on the placid face were deepening. Mrs. Pierce's life had been calm and uneventful hitherto; and now it seemed to Mary as though there was something weighing on her mother-in-law's mind, something saddening, something foreboding greater suffering in the future.

Mary leaned over the bed and took her mother-in-law's hand, and kissed the elder lady on the forehead. The hand was cold and the head was hot.

Mary made no remark, but excused herself for a moment, and went up to her own rooms, where her husband was trying to control the shakiness of his hand so that he might shave himself.

"Winslow," she said, "as soon as you are dressed you must go for the doctor."

"Father isn't sick, is he?" asked her husband, laying down the razor.

"No; it's mother," answered Mary. "She is much worse than she was yesterday. She looks as though something had happened in the night. She has fever. I'm sure she ought to see the doctor this morning."

"All right," Winslow answered, resuming his shaving. "I suppose father has finished his breakfast by this time, so I can get a cup of coffee and go for the doctor at once."

"You speak as though you didn't want to see father," said Mary. "And I think you will have to hurry if you want to catch him."

"If I'm going for the doctor," Winslow responded, impatiently, "of course I don't need to see father."

Winslow wanted to postpone his next interview with his father as long as possible. He had but a confused memory of what he had said the night before, but he knew well enough that whatever it was it had stirred his father profoundly, and that if it had not been for his mother's opportune arrival the discussion between them might have been even stormier than it was. He had a hope that after a bath and a cup of coffee and a brisk walk his head would be clearer, and he could recollect at least the main lines of the talk with his father, so that he should be prepared for the resumption of the conversation whenever his father might be ready to take it up again. Therefore he delayed over his dressing until he heard the outer door of the house slammed, and so knew that his father had gone for the day.

Then he went down stairs gently, avoiding his mother also. Having no appetite for food, he drank a cup of coffee hastily, and left the house immediately.

At the office of the family physician he wrote a brief message on the slate in the doctor's absence, and then he walked down town, with his blood cooled and his brain sharpened by the stiff wind which blew steadily from the west. Yet he was not able to piece together wholly his conversation of the night before. That he had come home under the influence of liquor, and that his father had discovered his condition—this much was plain enough; but what was not so plain was the tenor of the talk he had had with his father and the substance of it. All that the son could make sure of the next morning was that he had said much that had better have been left unsaid.

He arrived in Broad Street a little before twelve, still in doubt and greatly wondering how his father would greet him. As it happened, Ezra Pierce was not in the office, having gone to see Silvige & Cusachs, so Farebrother explained.

Winslow gave a sigh of relief at his brief reprieve and went into his own office.

As he left the room Farebrother crossed over to Arrowsmith and whispered, "The Prince Imperial was out on a spree last night, and he looks pretty rocky this morning, doesn't he?"

Arrowsmith answered, briefly, "I didn't look at him."

"I looked at him," said Farebrother, "and I know the tail-end of a jag when I see one. How is it the old man doesn't get on to what is going on under his nose?"

"Perhaps it is because he is minding his own business," retorted Arrowsmith.

"That's all very well," Farebrother returned, "but if his own son's getting full isn't his own business, whose business is it anyway?"

When lunch-time came Ezra Pierce had not yet returned, and Winslow slipped out to get a cocktail, and to try to eat a plate of chicken salad—an attempt in which he failed.

On his return to the office Winslow found his father giving directions to Arrowsmith.

When he saw his son, Ezra Pierce looked up and said, "Winslow, go into my room; I want to talk to you."

Winslow obeyed silently, while his father made an end of his instructions to the old bookkeeper. Then Ezra Pierce went into his own room and closed the door behind him, much to Farebrother's annoyance.

The clerk looked over to Arrowsmith, and said: "I shouldn't wonder if the old man was onto the Young Napoleon's little game, after all. I guess he's reading the riot act to him in there now."

But, greatly to Farebrother's surprise, there were no sounds of scolding from the private office, and five minutes after it had been closed the door opened again and Winslow came out.

What Ezra Pierce had said to his son had been very brief, but it was to the point.

"Winslow," he began, "your condition last night was disgraceful. I don't ask you whether you have ever been intoxicated before, but I tell you plainly it must never happen again."

"I don't really know how it happened; I—" Winslow began.

"You needn't try to explain," interrupted his father, roughly. "I don't want any explanation. I don't want anything to explain another time. I'm going to forgive you this once; but it is the last chance I give you—understand that."

"I understand," repeated Winslow.

Ezra Pierce was silent a moment; then he went on:

"As for the things you said when you didn't know what you were saying—I prefer not to talk to you about them."

"I'm glad of that, because," Winslow responded—"well, because I don't really remember what I did say, exactly."

"So much the better," Ezra Pierce rejoined. "I shall forget them, too. I do not see how you could say such things to me. I can't understand it at all. I don't— But I'm not going to talk to you about that. I said I wouldn't, and I won't."

"Thank you," Winslow answered. "I wish I—"

"One thing I must say," began his father again—"one thing I have decided. It is perhaps my fault that you were led into the temptation of drink. You have had too much money. I have been too indulgent to you. But it is not too late to stop that, perhaps. At any rate, I mean to try. I have been giving you ten thousand dollars a year. That's too much for a young man like you, with

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

very few expenses. You have made bad use of the money, and I see now that my generosity was a mistake. After this I shall give Mary two thousand dollars a year for herself—and more if she needs it; I'm sure she is not wasteful. You live at home with us, so you have no call to spend much money. I shall give you three thousand dollars—not more; and you must get along with that the best you can."

For nearly a minute Winslow made no answer. He knew his father too well to hope to change a decision once announced.

At last he asked, "Is that all you have to say to me?"

"Yes," his father responded, "that's all—except that I want you to understand that if I see you under the influence of liquor again, I shall not forgive you so easily the next time."

"I'll take care you don't see me again," replied Winslow; "so that's all right." The dreaded interview was at an end.

When Ezra Pierce returned home that afternoon he found his wife very ill. The family physician had been there, and was coming again. Mary had scarcely left her mother-in-law's room all day. She reported that the doctor said that Mrs. Pierce was apparently suffering from the effects of a shock of some sort, that she must be kept very quiet, and that it would be a day or two probably before he could pronounce upon her condition.

It was nearly a week before the doctor did declare her out of immediate danger; and it was a month before he allowed her to leave her bed even to lie upon the sofa in her own room. When this move was authorized she was still very feeble, and she was wholly without energy. She saw no company except Doctor Thurston, who called once a week. Mary was her constant companion; and as the robust baby, now nearly a year old, was too noisy for the invalid, the young mother gave up the society of her only child that she might be more with the sick woman, who seemed so to cling to her and to rely on her feminine sympathy and on her young strength.

For the first time since he had been married Ezra Pierce was lonely in his own house. His life had been easy and unbroken, and he found it difficult to adjust himself to the changed conditions. He had no resources in himself. He had never learned to amuse himself. He never went to a theatre, or to a concert, or to a picture-gallery. He rarely read a book. He took no interest in anything but business. He thought of little else, and he could talk of little else. When his wife was not in her place at the head of the dinner table, or beside the drop-light in the parlor, Ezra Pierce felt as one lost. He did not know where to turn for companionship. Mary generally went up stairs immediately after dinner; the baby took up much of her time, and she also had charge of Mrs. Pierce. Thus father and son were left alone together. Sometimes they sat for two hours in the large parlor before the dull hard-coal fire, and Ezra talked about business, about stocks, about the prospects and the probabilities. Winslow listened eagerly and asked adroit questions, and thus gained the information which guided his speculations. Sometimes Winslow had engagements, and went out for the evening, and then his father had to pass the hours alone. He would read his paper slowly, and then he would walk up and down the hall for an hour at a time, until the creaking of his boots, which she could hear distinctly, became to Mary almost unbearable.

Towards the end of March Mrs. Pierce improved, and was permitted to sit up for an hour or two in a rocking-chair before the fire. She was so much stronger that Mary was authorized to bring down the baby for its grandmother to pet. Ezra Pierce was allowed to spend part of the evening in his wife's room; and Winslow took advantage of this improvement in his mother's health to go to Washington, where he was called—so he told his wife—to a meeting of the committee of the alumni association of his college. He was to be gone only one night.

On the afternoon of the day he left New York a marked copy of the current number of the *Upper Ten* was sent to his wife by mail; and it was handed to her by Sanchez, with a low bow, as she was seated in a rocking-chair at Mrs. Pierce's bedside.

Early that winter the *Upper Ten* had changed owners and editors. It had always pretended to be the organ of ultra-fashionable society, and in the hands of its new managers it became less snobbish, perhaps, but far more vulgar, and it developed a fondness for abusive personalities. One of the features of the paper in its new form was the amplification of a bit of current gossip into the semblance of a short story, which was called "A Tale of To-day," and which allowed all the parties in interest readily to recognize themselves through the thin veil of disguise.

In the number of this sheet sent to Mary large blue marks called her attention to "A Tale of To-day," the title of which was "The Rivals; or, the Pretty Prima Donna, the Truculent Tenor, and the Young Man from Wall Street." So transparent was the description of Winslow as the Young Man from Wall Street, so exact were the allusions to his father, his wife, his infant daughter, that Mary could not doubt for a moment, and read on almost in spite of herself. Having outlined the position, the character, and the personal appearance of the Young Man from Wall Street—and abundant irony lurked in the flattering description—the writer declared that, as everybody knew, it was this young man who had furnished the funds in the summer for starting the Daisy Fostelle Opera Comique Company, and who had paid its expenses week by week during the winter, undismayed by the evident unwillingness of the play-going public to share with him more than a meagre portion of the burden. Then came the point of the tale, which turned on the rumors of a growing intimacy between the pretty prima donna and the tenor of the company—a German with an Italian name, Pisani—and on the consequent jealousy of the Young Man from Wall Street, who heard most disquieting reports; but who, owing to the illness of his mother in New York, was not able to join the company as it journeyed weekly from town to town. There was a scorpion sting in the final paragraph of the story, in which it was noted that the prima donna and the tenor and the rest of the company were then in Washington, and that perhaps the Young Man from Wall Street might be able to drop in on them unexpectedly, excusing himself to his own family circle on the plea of a desire to listen to the great debate in the Senate.

Almost before she knew what she was doing, Winslow Pierce's wife had read the wretched tale through to the end, sick at heart. She wondered often afterwards why it was that she had instantly accepted as true a story so carelessly malignant; but she did accept it at once; she never even hesitated. It explained so many things which came rushing back to her memory—Winslow's words at one time and his actions at another; his excuses for staying in town in summer, and his excuses for leaving town in winter. Her husband had been making love to another woman—of that she was assured; and what most pained her then was that he had not had the courage and the manliness frankly to leave his wife to go to the other woman. She recalled his hypocritical kiss at parting from her that very morning, and unconsciously she raised her hand and wiped her cheek and her lips as though to cleanse them. And as she did this her dark eyes flamed with indignation, and she gave a sudden cry of disgust.

In the sharpness of the blow the young wife had forgotten that she was sitting by the side of her husband's mother.

Mrs. Pierce had been watching Mary's face since the marked copy of the *Upper Ten* had been opened. Now she lifted her thin white hand and laid it on Mary's arm.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked.

"There is matter enough, Mrs. Pierce!" Mary answered, in the hot flood of her indignation at her husband's conduct. "Winslow is a villain! And I shall take my child and leave this house to-day!"

Mrs. Pierce looked at her daughter-in-law with frightened eyes, but she made no protest.

"So you have found out something?" she said. "What is it? What has Winslow been doing?"

"What has he been doing?" the young wife echoed. "He has been doing everything that he shouldn't do! He has been making love to another woman! And he has been jealous because another man made love to her. No doubt she is used to it by this time!"

"Is there something in that paper about him?" asked his mother.

"There is, indeed," his wife answered, and then she told the whole story swiftly, filling out the innuendoes of the newspaper and corroborating its assertions by her own recollections.

Mrs. Pierce listened in silence, the pallor deepening on her face. Once or twice she raised her hand feebly to her side, and pressed it to her heart. Like Winslow's wife, his mother did not doubt the justice of the accusation made against him.

"I must get away before he returns," cried Mary, when she had come to the end of her story. "I could not spend another night under the same roof with him. And I must take baby with me—I couldn't bear to have her grow up a hypocrite, like her father! Besides, she's mine—she's all mine!—and she is all that I have now!"

"Winslow has been very wicked," said his mother; "and he will be punished, I'm afraid. But you must not leave him, Mary."

"I couldn't stay with him," Mary declared. "How could I? How can you ask me to do such a thing?"

Mrs. Pierce lay back on her pillow, and then drew a long breath.

"Mary," she began, "you have a right to go, and I cannot blame you if you do leave me—"

"I shall miss you very much," Mary broke in. "I don't know how I can ever bear to go away from you—but I must. I couldn't stay here with him after what has happened."

"Don't think of me, my dear," Mrs. Pierce responded; "I shall not be here long."

"Oh, yes, you will," cried Mary, seizing the elder lady's hand. "You must not talk that way."

"I know best, I think; and I don't know that I want to be well," Mrs. Pierce responded. "Don't think of me—but, if you love me, think of Winslow!"

"The less I think of Winslow—ugh!" groaned Mary.

"I know he has wronged you," the sick woman went on, speaking precisely and with an effort, "but he is weak."

"Weak!" repeated Mary—"weak!"

"He is weak," said his mother. "Who should know him if I do not? 'Unstable as water, he shall not excel'—that's a text that always made me think of Winslow. He is easily led—too easily. But you could save him!"

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" Mary asked, with a bitter laugh.

"He must have fallen into evil hands," urged his mother. "But you can bring him back into the straight path and keep him there. And nobody but you can do it. He loves you dearly."

"Then he has taken a strange way to prove it," the wife returned.

"He is weak—very weak," Mrs. Pierce admitted. "And if you give him up now he will go down fast. He has no one but you, for I shall not last long; and when I am gone, who will care for father if you leave the house?"

"Oh, Mrs. Pierce!" cried Mary, standing up and looking straight in her mother-in-law's eyes, "do you really mean that you wish me to forgive Winslow?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"I couldn't do it," the young wife declared, vehemently. "How can you ask me?"

"Couldn't you do it for my sake?" pleaded the elder woman.

"For your sake?" Mary repeated.

"For father's sake, too," Mrs. Pierce continued. "He will be all alone soon, and he needs some one to take care of him. And you know Winslow is fond of you."

"Fond of me!" cried Mary. "He is very fond of me to treat me so—to insult me in this way."

"He is fond of you, for all that," returned Mrs. Pierce, "and you know it. He will surely come back to you. If you will only think before you do anything hasty."

"Think?" returned Mary. "Thinking won't make it any better I might think and think for years without altering my mind. There's only one thing for me to do now: I must go away where I sha'n't have to see him again! I must take the baby and be out of the house before he gets back!" And she rushed to the door as though to quit the house at once.

"Mary!" called the sick woman, raising herself in bed.

So appealing was the cry that the young wife stood still, with her hand on the door.

"Mary," repeated Mrs. Pierce, holding herself erect with a final effort of will, "you must not go! It is your duty to stay here—to stay by your husband's side—to save him if you can. I say it is your duty! And you and I, Mary, come of a stock that has always tried to do its duty."

Then her strength failed, and the frail figure sank back on the bed.

It was about noon the next morning when Winslow returned from his visit to Washington and mounted the steps of the house in Madison Square. There was crape on the bell. His mother had died a little after daybreak that morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON.

HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON, who was born at Sutton, Vermont, April 30, 1823, died at South Andover on the 25th of August. Mr. Houghton was the founder of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., of Boston, and his career, an important one, having much to do with the education of the American people, was due to his singular honesty and energy.

Mr. Houghton began life as a printer on the Burlington *Free Press*, but while at work applied himself to his education. Through dint of a careful economy he fitted himself for college, and graduated from the University of Vermont, working hard all the time, so as to find means for his instruction. Coming to Boston, and thoroughly proficient, he found employment on a newspaper, not only doing the work of a compositor, but writing for it. In 1849 he purchased an interest in the firm of Freeman & Bolles, who were printers. Shortly after the firm of Bolles & Houghton was established at Cambridge. In time publishing was added to the business of printing. Many editions of Bacon, Carlyle, Macaulay, Cooper, Dickens, were issued by the firm. In 1864 Mr. Houghton became associated with M. M. Hurd, and under the name of Hurd & Houghton a large and lucrative business was carried on. In 1878 the house of James R. Osgood & Co., the successors of Ticknor & Fields, was amalgamated with the firm of Hurd & Houghton. The firm then became Houghton, Osgood, & Co., and later Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. To the mechanical appliances of the Riverside Press were added many valuable literary franchises. There were published the productions of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, Whipple, Agassiz.

In 1873 the firm of Hurd & Houghton purchased the *Atlantic Monthly*, and from the Riverside Press were issued the *Journal of American Folk-lore* and the *Andover Review*.

Mr. Houghton was Councilman, Alderman, and Mayor of Cambridge, and though directing with all his energies his business of publishing, he paid great attention to his civic requirements. Mr. Houghton took great interest in the passage of the International Copyright Law. During his long career of activity, his relationships with the many men of letters were of the most cordial character.

THE AMBULANCE.

I NEVER see in our bustling town,
Where the midsummer sun pours fiercely down,
The swift onrush of the ambulance
But I think of the blessed countenance
Of One who walked by lane and field,
And with voice and look the suffering healed.
Still, where the city's woes are thick,
The dear Christ-spirit heals the sick.
And yet He lives in the hearts of men,
And sends His angels with speed again
Wherever the weary plod and fall,
His care and tenderness over all.

And the angels carry lint and lance,
And drive in the city's ambulance;
Are bluff of speech and deft of hand,
And quick with accents of command;
And the wind of their coming clears the way
For a breath of heaven in the darkest day.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"SOFT BREAD AND SHORE GRUB."

THE expression "Soft bread and shore grub" scarcely means all that it used to mean when a man-o'-war reached port after a cruise. But elaborate refrigerating plants and ample store-rooms, such as enter into the equipment of the modern war-ship, cannot deprive Jack of the treasured traditions of the calling, one of which is that when port is made "soft bread" will be his again. In these days Jack really gets soft bread at sea, as well as other wholesome food, all of which is inspected and even tasted by his superior officer on watch before it is served to Jack; but it isn't bread made on shore, and that means everything to him. He isn't going to give up one of the delights of reaching port. He has been brought up to look forward to shore grub, and his superior officers join him in the pleasant fiction that ship food is to be tolerated only until something better can be obtained.

Perhaps one reason why Jack looks forward so eagerly to shore grub is that he has more money with which to buy it than most man-o'-war's men. His allowance from Uncle Sam for rations is so liberal that he draws only about three-quarters of it, and takes the rest in cash. With this he buys luxuries for his mess. When he reaches shore his supply of table luxuries is renewed, and the interesting picture by Mr. Zogbaum shows that this pleasure is shared to some extent by his superior officers. The wardroom servants, as well as Jack, are among those who pass the supply from the small boat to the ship's stores. Supplies must always be renewed, in the natural course of events, but Jack sees that they are needed usually as soon as port is reached. He fancies that shore food tastes better than that which he has been eating, and new-fangled cruisers with their appliances for comfort, especially in the preservation of food and its preparation, he has determined, shall not cause him to forsake his conservative traditions.

THIS BUSY WORLD

It would seem to be the natural course of a respectable woman who runs away from home to hire out as a domestic servant. It is easy—as easy as going to Europe—and it is safe. Moreover, every woman who has been used to a comfortable home knows what a housemaid's duties are, and believes she can do them. Both Mrs. Gardner, who was lost in Boston and found in Norwich, and Miss Clarke, who was found at Fitchburg, had hired out as housemaids, and both were making an honorable living. Both are now thought to have been suffering from disordered minds, but neither had had to change her place on that account. There is no sign that either of them was not satisfactory to her employer.

These two cases suggest a number of things. There is a good deal that is reassuring in the evidence they give that for a woman who is accustomed to behave herself the world is full of ready refuges where she can be safe and earn an honest and fairly comfortable living. Besides that, the hint they give of the adaptability of practically demented persons to house-work, and the suitableness of house-work for the treatment of mental diseases, seems worth following up.

Mr. Librarian Spofford has been surprisingly successful in emphasizing the distinction between a librarian and a bookkeeper. It seems that he is a very bad bookkeeper, whereas it is generally understood that as a librarian he has great gifts and phenomenal proficiency. It would seem that it ought to be possible to provide that Mr. Spofford's faculties shall be concentrated upon the librarian end of his business, and that the bookkeeping department of it shall be intrusted to some one else. Sometimes bad bookkeeping is a crime; sometimes it is a peculiarity. In Mr. Spofford's case it seems to have been a peculiarity.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis seems not to credit the story profusely set forth in many newspapers that he was waylaid by highwaymen near Marion on or previous to the 20th of August. A considerable number of daily journals of average veracity in New York and Boston published accounts of Mr. Davis's encounter, differing to such a degree in details that each paper seemed to derive its information from an independent source. The very variation in the reports was an indication of a basis to the original tale; but, after all, the despatch which carried the most conviction was one only four lines long, in which Mr. Davis was quoted as intimating that some industrious writer had lied about him.

Mary Anderson Navarro writes to the New York *Herald* that the widow of Henry Kingsley, the novelist, is in great pecuniary trouble and very much out of health. Mrs. Navarro says:

"I have known the lady for some years, and deeply deplore her misfortunes. Any subscription toward enabling her to lessen the great strain upon her will be thankfully received, and can be sent either to me at the address below, or to Mrs. Henry Kingsley, at Saltwood Hythe, Kent, England."

Mrs. Navarro's address is 9 Lawn Road, Haverstock Hill, London.

Andrew Lang brags that he has never read *The Heavenly Twins*, and that only one man of his acquaintance has read it. He asserts that he has never been able to learn what it was all about. The men that he knew couldn't tell him, and the ladies wouldn't. Most people read novels for one of two reasons—if the novels are known to be good they read them for pleasure, and if they are known to be improper they read them out of curiosity. Mr. Lang seems to be superior to curiosity of that sort. He is a fortunate and well-regulated man. He wants to know only what he has reason to believe is worth knowing. Would that our mother Eve had had more of his self-contained moderation!

The story of Rikers Island as the newspapers have set it forth gives a new illustration of the difficulty of throwing anything away. Rikers Island was a barren aggregation of rocks, not too far from New York to be reached and not near enough to be noticed. It seemed a handy spot to dump garbage on, and garbage accordingly was dumped on it. The garbage smelled bad, so earth was spread on top of the garbage. Then it was left alone. It began to smell bad again about a month ago, and its neighbors complained. Then an explorer was fitted out to investigate it. He came back with a great load of vegetables, and the surprising tale that Rikers Island had dreamed it was a kitchen-garden, and that the dream had come true. The vegetable seeds in the garbage had grown up through the top-dressing of soil, and behold profusion itself—melons, pumpkins, squashes, tomatoes, and other fruits of the earth glowing and ripening in their seasons, with no one to hinder and no one to glean. Whether any one has profited by the self-planted vegetables has not yet appeared; but thousands have profited by the story, which rejoices the imagination, and has a deep substratum of moral, into which any one is welcome to dig.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, of the London *Telegraph*, who is said to be so seriously ill at Brighton, England, has probably been the most successful space-filler of his time. Anthony Trollope says interesting things of him in his autobiography. Apparently Mr. Sala, in his more energetic days, could write all day, and write hard and fast, and continue month after month to give the impression to his readers that he was saying something. Trollope says that he wrote with his own hand in long-hand, and that he was a rather unsuccessful literary laborer until the *Daily Telegraph* provided just the opportunity he was fitted to improve. He probably saw as many interesting things, in as many different countries, as any man of his time. He made a list of some of them not long ago. It was a remarkable list, embracing pretty much every great spectacle that had been on sight in Europe since the coronation of Queen Victoria. Yet, for all that he has seen so much and written so immensely, Sala is still Sala. Great sights are amusing, and often they edify. They leave impressions, but they do not change the man behind the eyes.

The Department of Mercy of the National Women's Christian Temperance Association, which has its headquarters at Bryn-Mawr, Pennsylvania, has filed an objection to the removal of the Liberty bell from Philadelphia to Atlanta, which is based upon the sham bull-fight that it is proposed to hold as a side show of the exposition. The objection may be sound, but the basis of it is irrelevant and otherwise defective. The sham fight, if given according to the specifications that have been published, will be much too inoffensive a show to jar upon a bell accustomed to the harsh vibrations of a football city like Philadelphia.

Kite-flying, which used to be done for fun, has arisen to the dignity of a scientific experiment. Two sets of such experiments are in progress—one under the direction of the Weather Bureau at Washington, and the other at Blue Hill, near Boston, conducted by W. A. Eddy, of New Jersey. Not only do the experimenters send the kites up several thousand feet, but they send up cameras with them, and get pictures of the landscape from that altitude. The ostensible purpose of the scientific kite-flying is to find out as much as possible about the atmosphere and its currents, barometric curves, temperature, and other ingredients; but no doubt it is just as good fun to fly a scientific kite as any other sort, and no doubt the scientific grown-ups enjoy it.

The cities are reasonably reconciled to bicyclists, but the little towns take them hard. In most cities they go wherever the law allows them without hinderance, but some of the villages fight them. One reason is, no doubt, that the bicyclists from the cities are not content to ride at home, but go out and ride over all the villages. The villagers might endure their own bicyclists, but those that come from out of town they are loath to tolerate. Hence such efforts to abate them as the recent action of residents of Stratford, Milford, Fairfield, and Southport, in Connecticut, who sprinkled the roadways of those towns with bushels of tacks, to the immense rage of intrusive bicyclists, and to the great damage of their machines.

All kind Americans will hope that the news is true that the Princess Colonna has settled with her prince, and will get the sole custody of her children. There are three of them—two little boys and a girl—and all of them have Italian Christian names. With that impediment to their comfort it will be a little difficult to make Americans of them, but the princess ought to try. Just what species of career is open to such children is rather a puzzling question. It would take a cosmopolitan story-teller like Mr. Crawford to determine where in the world they belong, and what may be their business in life.

Whatever it is that Professor Ryder, of Andover, believes, it seems that it is not heresy. The Trustees and Visitors who sat upon his case have examined into his opinions, and do not find them inconsistent with his usefulness as a theological teacher at Andover. They do not say that they agree with Professor Ryder's views, but they have no conscientious scruples about allowing him to hold them, and holding them, to teach. Professor Ryder is lucky, and so, and even more so, are the Trustees and Visitors. It is an inconvenience for a theological professor to be pronounced a heretic, but to be of the jury that brings in a verdict of heresy is so much worse an inconvenience that it almost amounts to a calamity.

Mr. George C. Strong, of New London, is the croquet champion of America this year, as he has twice been before. Only a bold man would dare to be known nowadays as the croquet champion. Proficiency in that sport has come to be rated by the vulgar in the same class of accomplishment as superior skill in tatting. Young persons smile incredulously when their elders recall the time when strong men took hold of croquet, and played it hard all day, and believed that they were having sport. Yet the thing did happen thirty years ago, and modern croquet is a better game than croquet was then, and fitter to inspire a champion's zeal.

It must have surprised some newspaper readers that Antonio Mora, after whom the Mora claim is named, was willing to forego his share of the $800,000 back interest which was due on his original claim, and which the American government seemed to be so willing to collect. To any one a bird in the hand is worth several in the bush, and to any one a settled and paid-up claim is worth a very much larger one still to be collected. What made the bird in the hand seem still more desirable to Señor Mora may easily have been the fact that he is eighty-seven years old, and any fortune that he expects to enjoy ought to come into his actual possession pretty promptly.

It helps American women to realize the down-troddenness of their sisters in Turkey when they are told that Turkish widows are sometimes denied even the moderate satisfaction of following their husband's remains to their last resting-place. When Ismail Pasha died, 800 of his sorrowing relicts, after sitting up for a week at his wake, expressed their purpose of walking barefoot in procession at his funeral at Cairo. The authorities at the palace heard of it, and the widows were locked up. But what an impressive spectacle a married man's funeral at Cairo must be when the palace does not interfere!

E. S. MARTIN.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., New York.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

MOTHERS give DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stop looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pears' soap has no free alkali in it. Neither reddens nor roughens the skin.

Complexion Powder

Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing, and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and Pozzoni's Complexion Powder has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

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GERMANIA WINE CELLARS

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"Light, Dry, Finely Flavored Champagne, with Very Clean Taste and Delicate Bouquet."

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Hammondsport & Rheims,
New York.

SHIELD Yourself against all Impurities of the SKIN By USING WHITE ROSE Glycerine Soap.

DELICACY OF PERFUME. NO ROSIN.

U. S. Agents, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

Cut this out and PIN IT where YOUR WIFE will See it.

THE Shawknit HALF-HOSE

Save the Housewife Work

THEY WEAR A LONG TIME

BEFORE DARNING BECOMES NECESSARY.

They are the Most Durable half-hose in the market. They are also the Best-Fitting.

Descriptive Price-List, FREE, to any Applicant.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist

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PIANOS and the refined musical public

NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

MIDSUMMER.

DAWN-TIDE growing, rose-light sowing,
Heaven showing bloom and sheen,
With the summer morning breaking
Silver soft and all serene,
Oh the still delight of waking
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green!

Slow mists throwing in their going,
Dark kine lowing, half unseen,
Where the thatch is shine and shadow
Oh below the sail to lean,
Barges dropping down the meadow,
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green!

Waters flowing, sunshine glowing,
Breezes blowing in between,
Every spray a blossom giving,
Every dewdrop hippocrene,
Oh the loveliness of living
When the grass is in the mowing
And the leaf is green!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CONTRARY TO PRECEDENT.

"DARTHAM & SEAGRITZ," such was the sign that hung before the little office on the northeast corner of Main and Centre streets in the town of Blawton. Beneath these names was the legend, "Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law." In all the county of Markham were no other lawyers such as these—Dartham and Seagritz. Other lawyers might hang out their shingles, but in so doing they only advertised themselves as candidates for the poor-house later on, and people would say, if they showed any disposition to linger, that Dartham and Seagritz would have the pleasure of making out their commitment papers. The combined faith of all people rested either upon Mr. Dartham or Mr. Seagritz. There were some ill-tempered folks who swore that Dartham was "a fraud," while others could be found who were equally willing to swear that Seagritz was "a trickster," but the firm was rooted in the affections of the people. Those who consulted Mr. Seagritz entered by the Centre Street door, and those who sought advice of Mr. Dartham came in viâ the Main Street entrance. They were smart men indeed! Full of legal lore, forever quoting without being first obliged to consult authorities, and affable as poor relations to everybody. And such verdicts as was theirs were never before dreamed of. They had no use for juries, no call for judges. They were Counsellors-at-Law, and a case was never carried beyond their doors. There might be two parties to a dispute, Dartham and Seagritz their lawyers respectively, but Dartham and Seagritz were judge and jury, supreme in their decisions, and each case led to a compromise. They might agree with their respective clients in all things, but they also agreed with each other, and no case ever reached court. It might have been no saving of money to their clients, but it saved time, and the honored members of the firm never darkened the court-house portal (seventeen miles away) unless it was upon probate business. Yes, it was strange, but nevertheless true, that their judgments always satisfied both parties. Compromise was their motto, and Dartham and Seagritz floated down the river of life in a pair-oared gig. Their clients knew what to expect, and though they could never settle upon a compromise before they sought the arm of law, yet no sooner had the firm put their heads together than things were seen in a multitude of different lights by their clients, and the refractions of the legal prisms resulted in—compromise. Such was the firm of Dartham & Seagritz.

Blinder swore by Dartham, Harkstone by Seagritz. Blinder and Harkstone differed over a boundary line. Dartham was retained by the plaintiff, Seagritz by the defendant.

"But," said Blinder, "I don't want no compromise in this here matter. I wants twelve good men ter decide, an' let Harkstone pay ther damages." Mr. Dartham was incapable of articulation for several minutes, and then Blinders had gone.

"I tell yer," Harkstone said that day, "I don't want yer ter blab ther case ter yer partner. No compromise—thet old fool Blinder's got ter pay fer actin' mulelike," and Mr. Seagritz was dumb until his client had fled.

The firm compared notes that evening and nearly wept. Was this the reputation they had earned? *To court!!* There lay a blow to the firm, for courts don't compromise, and one of the two partners would be overthrown at the expense of the other, while one faction would be in the ascendant with its cheers and sneers for Dartham and Seagritz, or Seagritz and Dartham. Each knew the other's tactics; the jury would be puzzled; the judge bamboozled, but there would be a verdict for some one and the other would fall. Their rest was disturbed by the thought. It was all contrary to precedent. The partners could have effected a Solomonic compromise at slight expense, but their clients *would* fight it out in court. In court, before judge and jury, would the partners meet and cast slurs each upon the other? Horrible thought! Iconoclastic motives on the part of the disputants! The next day the little town was agog with the news. What would they do—Dartham and Seagritz?

The partners consulted.

"For twenty years, Abijah," said Dartham, the senior, "we have worked together in peace and harmony, but the Goths and Vandals have come upon peaceful Rome. We cannot shut them out. We must fight!" Each sentence was jerked out as if by main force. "We must fight! The firm cannot fight itself. Internecine quarrels are suicidal. We must part."

What was the result? The men never disagreed. They parted then and there. Mr. Dartham went out and pasted a white piece of paper over the unnecessary part of the firm, and the sign-board read,

> DARTHAM
>
> ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW.

Seagritz took a sign from the office, hired another room, and hung out the board reading,

> SEAGRITZ,
>
> ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT-LAW.

Then Blinder chuckled as he came into Blawton by way of Centre Street and exited viâ Main. There was a revolution in Blawton, and the two factions of Blinder-Dartham *versus* Harkstone-Seagritz argued and discussed for hours at a time. Bets were freely made and excitement rose to fever pitch. It would be three weeks before the court met, and the people could scarcely contain themselves. After this revolution sundry other cases were entered upon the court docket, with Dartham and Seagritz opposing attorneys. The two were boomed respectively for District Attorney, and the Democrats waited upon Mr. Dartham and promised him the nomination, while the Republicans told Mr. Seagritz that he would be their candidate. But the members of the dismembered firm were sad and grew sadder day by day, as each realized that one would rise the phœnix from the legal ashes of his friend. The rising part was painful—the ash thought still more distressing. The trial was two days off. The livery-man was in great feather, having had every vehicle and horse engaged that day for a jaunt to the county-seat. The village was in a state of ferment. There had been nothing like it before. Meantime Mr. Dartham and Mr. Seagritz, having been the wisest of men, became possessed with the necessary adjunct of wisdom, and were the saddest. Each seemed sadder than the other.

Blinder, plaintiff, Harkstone, defendant, were oppressed with the storm that they had raised. They each were blamed for the part they took in the matter, and their case dwindled into nothing when viewed through the large end of the factional opera-glass. Dartham and Seagritz had compromised in prices (somewhat) on all previous occasions. Now the spoils would be greater. Blinder, plaintiff, and Harkstone, defendant, were close-fisted men, and the thought troubled them. They grew sadder, and thus accumulating wisdom, saw the folly of their first move. They forgot the points of the suit while worrying over the possible bill.

> "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
> Till we grow to understand
> That with wisdom, bought by trial,
> Sorrow walketh hand-in-hand."

They would have echoed this sentiment had they found it in any collection of poems. The trial was one day off. Business on the next day would be practically suspended in Blawton, and the postmaster thought of telegraphing his resignation to Washington so that he might attend the trial. It was on the eve of the trial; Mr. Dartham sat in his private study consulting his thoughts and a tempting toddy, alternating with a cigar. Suddenly Seagritz burst in upon his meditations.

"Bartholomew," he cried, "they've compromised!"

"What!" shrieked Mr. Dartham.

"Blinder and Harkstone have com—compromised!" gasped Mr. Seagritz.

Mr. Dartham produced another tumbler and a bottle. "Help yourself," he said, calmly. "They've compromised, have they? Well, well, well, and without our help, eh? Abijah, my dear fellow, ours will be the credit. The firm is itself again. *Compromise*—ha, ha, ha!"

Sadness had given place to hysteria evidently.

Two figures were unobserved that night as they crept through the streets of Blawton. No one saw them industriously scraping away at the sign-board at the corner of Main and Centre streets, and no one heard the whisper, "We'll put it in the bill."

And the astonished citizens were amazed to see Mr. Seagritz at the Centre Street door the next morning, and Mr. Dartham at the Main Street entrance, while the sign shone in all its pristine glory. And before an hour the whisper had spread, "They've compromised"—which included every case set down on the court docket with Dartham and Seagritz as opposing attorneys.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS, PABST HAS MADE IT SO

I recently gave your malt extract to . . .
A Child . . . . .
on which I had tried almost everything without any benefit. The child was very anæmic, and was
Run Down
to almost a skeleton, but after taking

.. Pabst .....
Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

for a week it began to improve rapidly, and is today as round and plump as any child can be. I then tried it on
A Lady . . . . .
who had had typhoid fever, and whose
Convalescence
was very slow. She could gain no
Strength
until she took The "Best" Tonic, when the result was
Really Marvelous

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THE MONEY WE NEED.

A Short Primer on Money and Currency. By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON (Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY). With Illustrations. 16mo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

E. A. WILLARD,
Who controlled George Gould's *Vigilant* in the first trials with *Defender*.

YACHT SPORT

WITHIN THE PAST FOUR WEEKS three great meetings of canoeists have taken place: the first, that of the Western Canoe Association, at Ballast Island, in Lake Erie, early in July; the second, that of the British Canoe Association, on the shores of Wootton Creek, Isle of Wight, early in August; and the third, that of the American Canoe Association, at Bluff Point, Lake Champlain, from August 9th to 23d. This latter, so widely known as the "A.C.A. Meet," is by far the largest of the three, calling out the representative canoe-men, and canoe-women too, of the Atlantic and Eastern States, of Central New York, and of Canada. The meet just closed, though marked by no special features, has been a pleasant one, thanks very largely to the efforts of Commodore Walter C. Witherbee, with whom rested not only the selection of the various committees on camp site, transportation, regatta, etc., but the responsibility for the general planning and management of the meet. The spot selected was a new one, though less than a dozen miles from two old camp-grounds of the A.C.A.—in 1887 at Bow-Arrow Point, and in 1891–2 at Willsborough Point.

THE RACES ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION of all in camp during the second week. The sailing-canoes seen at the present meet represent one of the most perfect types of racing-machine yet produced, light and delicate structures of Spanish cedar and mahogany veneer, fitted with centreboards and rudders of aluminum, the former loaded on the bottom with lead, the cleats and other fittings being carefully wrought from aluminum and other fine metals. The spars are of three thicknesses of very thin veneering, wound spirally and glued up, giving strength and stiffness with a minimum of weight, and the sails and rigging are equally elaborate and delicate. The very large rigs, of over 180 square feet, are carried by means of a strong but light sliding-seat, the seat proper being from five to seven feet long, and so rigged as to slide out to either side of the canoe, the man perching on the end. The result of this skilful and elaborate work is a perfect machine for match-sailing, probably as fast as anything afloat of sixteen feet length, but so complicated, elaborate, and expensive that but few can use or care to use them. The entry list of the present meet, instead of some seventy names, as of old, showed just eighteen canoes, only eleven of these taking part in the sailing races. The worst harm that has yet come to canoeing is the improvement of the canoe to a point where it is too delicate and expensive to be used by those who should fill the places of the older men as they retire from racing.

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE MEET, the sailing trophy, this year brought out but nine starters, the nine-mile course being sailed by *Wasp*, Howard Gray, in 1.41.57, with *Mab*, C. E. Archbald, 33 seconds later; then *Bug*, Paul Butler; *Bee*, D. S. Goddard; and *Zaidee*, H. V. Backus. *Mab* won the *Dolphin* trophy and the Hotel Champlain Cup, *Wasp* won the unlimited and the combined races, *Bug* won the limited sailing, and *As Is*, J. R. Stewart, won the novice and *Jabberwock* trophy races. *Eel*, J. W. Sparrow, won the record paddling, and Messrs. Sparrow and King won the tandem paddling race for decked canoes. The paddling events brought out very few contestants, and were lacking in interest this year. But one competitor appeared for the paddling trophy, Mr. King of Toronto, he having the only racing paddling canoe in camp. To make a race Mr. R. Darcy Scott, of Ottawa, started against him, both using the ordinary service Canadian canoe, Mr. King winning the trophy. The site for the meet of 1896 will be selected at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee next November. There is a possibility that the present site may be chosen again; if not, the meet will be held on the St. Lawrence River.

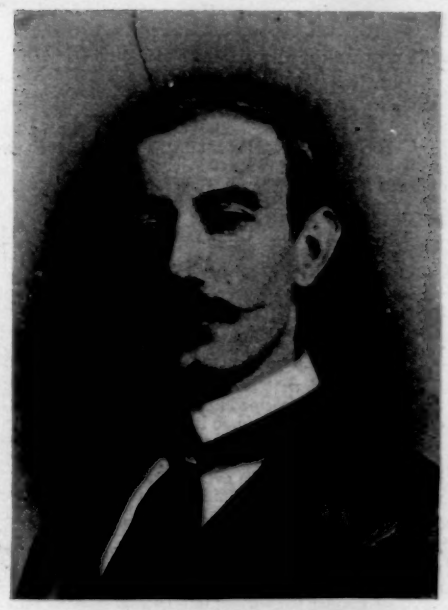
C. OLIVER ISELIN,
Representing the Syndicate on board *Defender*.

HOWARD GOULD'S 21-RATER "NIAGARA."
Now racing in English waters.

F. H. HOVEY,
Winner of the National Lawn-Tennis Championship of the United States.

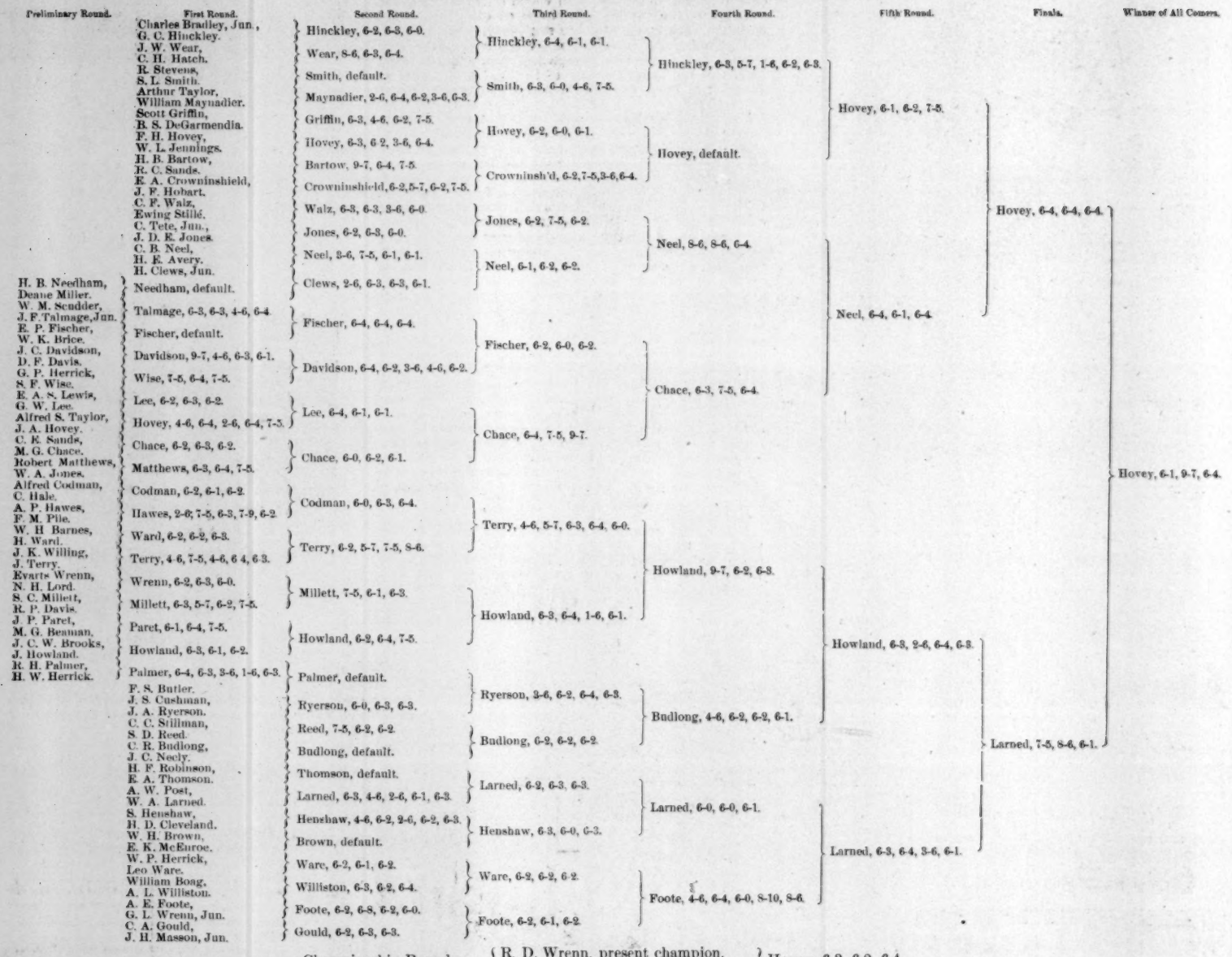
MR. FREDERICK H. HOVEY IS TO BE CONGRATULATED on the success which has crowned his efforts after years of patient endeavor. In his present form the new national tennis champion is undoubtedly the best player this country has ever had. Not because his strokes are more brilliant than those of Larned, nor that his volleying outdoes Campbell, nor yet because his generalship is better than Wrenn's, although he is not outclassed in any of these respects, but because his all-around game has been brought to a degree of excellence never attained by another American player, the result of unsurpassed natural ability, mellowed by age and rounded by experience. The final match, which was played Monday morning, August 26th, was not the exciting contest that was generally anticipated. Hovey did not get going in the first game, and lost it on poor playing after deuce had been called twice. Thereafter he played a steady, careful game, and used excellent judgment in allowing Larned to beat himself. Larned took but one point in the second game, none in the third and one in the fourth. In the fifth he braced a little and made two good passes, and also secured two points in the sixth game, but the seventh and last was a love game, in which not a single point was earned. Out of forty points in this set only four were earned, one by Hovey and three by Larned, a remarkably low percentage, but not at all to the discredit of Hovey, who did not find it necessary to force the fighting.

THE SECOND SET WAS CLOSE and exciting. Hovey placed all around Larned in the opening game, winning to thirty. He continued to outplay his opponent until the score reached 3–1 in his favor, when he fell off slightly, and Larned, suddenly improving, tied the score on clever passes. Hovey took the next game, his good plays and Larned's weak ones being evenly divided, and still another by brilliant smashing. Larned was gaining in steadiness all the time, and tied the score at five all by forcing Hovey to hit out. The last two games were easy for Hovey, Larned relapsing into uneven, erratic play. In this set Hovey earned seventeen points to Larned's thirteen, scoring fifty in all to forty-five for Larned. Hovey began the next set by winning the first game to thirty, and the second to love, on clean hard hitting and Larned's frequent errors. He played poorly in the third game, which went to Larned, but took the fourth after vantage had been called five times. If Larned had won this game he might have stood a good chance for the set, as immediately after he won three straight games, and led Hovey at 4–3. Each of these games were hard fought, and contained many brilliant rallies, but Larned was playing in his best style, and won a majority of them. In the next three games the result was reversed, Hovey winning all of them, though Larned made a gallant resistance. The



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN,
Owner of *Valkyrie III.*

FIFTEENTH NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, NEWPORT, AUGUST 20-27, 1895.



Championship Round. . . . { R. D. Wrenn, present champion, / F. H. Hovey, winner of All Comers. } Hovey, 6-3, 6-2, 6-4.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

L. E. Ware (Harvard), / M. G. Beaman (Princeton). } Ware, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3.
J. P. Sheldon, Jun. (Yale), / C. F. Walz (Columbia). } Sheldon, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.
} Ware, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5, 6-8, 6-1.

DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

C. Hobart and F. H. Hovey (Champions 1894), / R. D. Wrenn and M. G. Chace (Challengers). } Wrenn and Chace, 7-5, 6-1, 8-6.

Consolation won by C. E. Sands.

last game was particularly exciting, Hovey getting the vantage-point twice only to lose the next point. The third time, however, Larned drove an easy backhander into the net, thus giving Hovey the game, set, and match, 6–1, 9–7, 6–4, and the right to challenge Wrenn for the championship. Throughout this match, and the championship round as well, the spectators were very unfair to Hovey in their applause, failing to properly reward many of his brilliant plays, and showing extreme enthusiasm even at the simplest strokes of his opponent when they happened to be successful. Some went so far as to applaud Hovey's mistakes, but these did not represent the best part of that brilliant Newport attendance. Hovey's seniority over his rival probably had much to do with this partiality, but nothing excuses such an unsportsmanlike exhibition of partisanship.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH ended in an easy victory for Hovey, Wrenn being distinctly outplayed at every point. Wrenn did not play as well as he did against Hovey two years ago, and not nearly as well as he did against Goodbody last year, but he was up against a harder man. Hovey began serving and won the first game, Wrenn playing wildly. Hovey's strokes were ragged in the second, and he took but one point on a beautiful drive. The third and fourth games Hovey won on all-round playing. It was beginning to be apparent that the championship would change hands. Wrenn was doing his best, but was slowly but surely falling behind. His lobbing, which has so often helped him out of a tight place, was useless against Hovey's superb smashing. He managed to win one more game, and then Hovey went out. The character of play in the next set was much the same as in the first. The challenger was still doing most of the aggressive work, keeping Wrenn on the run, and holding himself well in hand. His pace was so severe that the champion seemed unable to meet it, and the latter could not seem to get force into his strokes, often giving Hovey a waist-high ball directly on his racket when trying for a pass. Hovey, moreover, had played without a sign of letting down, the evenness of his work reminding one strongly of the Irishmen's games at West Newton. After losing the third game in the last set Hovey increased his lead to 4–1. Wrenn was playing with desperation, covering a great deal of ground, and making many seemingly impossible returns, but the set was fast slipping away from him. In the sixth game, which he won, he played brilliantly, but Hovey was too much for him in the next. With the score five games to two in Hovey's favor, Wrenn showed the coolness and determination which gained him the championship and his well-earned reputation for unlimited pluck and nerve. The score reached deuce in the eighth game, and thus four times was Hovey within one point of the coveted goal, only to lose it finally on Wrenn's wonderful playing. Once Wrenn smashed beautifully, twice he forced his opponent to hit out, and once the latter drove into the net. The holder took one more game, bringing his score up to 4–5, and needed but one game to make it a deuce set. He started well with a lead of thirty love made on two clean passes, when Hovey's turn came to show his nerve, and he did it well, scoring four straight points. Score, 6–3, 6–2, 6–4. The analysis shows the aggressive character of Hovey's game: Points—Hovey, 96; Wrenn, 74. Placed balls—Hovey, 49 Wrenn, 16. Points on opponent's outs—Hovey, 26; Wrenn, 30. Points on opponent's nets—Hovey, 19; Wrenn, 26. Double faults—Hovey, 2; Wrenn, 2.

THE PRESENT CHAMPION first played at Newport in the year 1890, and was unfortunate enough to draw R. P. Huntington, Jun., in the preliminary round, who defeated him after a close five-set match. In 1891 he reached the finals of the All Comers, after beating Knapp, P. S. Sears, Post, and Smith, all in five-set matches, and then lost to Hobart after another five-set contest. In 1892 he won the All Comers, defeating Stevens, Wrenn, and Larned, but was unable to take the championship from Campbell. In 1893 he reached the finals again, over V. G. Hall, E. L. Hall, and Hobart, and was once more within one match of the championship, as Campbell had signified his intention of retiring, but Wrenn proved too much for him. Last year Goodbody put him out in the third round. A curious parallel is found in the careers of ex-champions Wrenn and Slocum, each of whom held the championship for two years, and lost by a one-sided match in the third. Moreover, these are the only two American champions who have lost their titles by actual play, Sears and Campbell retiring unbeaten, Sears after seven years' occupancy of the position and Campbell after three.

THE CONSOLATION MATCHES were not so interesting as usual, few of the competitors showing good form. C. E. Sands won, W. L. Jennings giving him his only close match. In the Interscholastic series the Harvard and Yale representatives, L. E. Ware and J. P. Sheldon, Jun., outclassed M. G. Beaman and C. F. Walz, the Princeton and Columbia representatives, and met in the finals. The Harvard boy had the advantage of greater tournament experience than his Yale rival, but Sheldon displayed considerable ability, and managed to prolong the match into five sets, after nearly losing in four. Ware is by far the more promising player, and should win the Inter-collegiate for Harvard some day.

THE SECOND TRIAL RACE between *Vigilant* and *Defender* was sailed on Thursday in light weather—a disappointing performance, relieved only by a short squall near the end. The course selected was a triangle of 8-mile sides, the first leg an easy reach in a westerly wind, with a roll to the sea, the day being clear and intensely hot. Both yachts carried club-topsails and balloon jib-topsails as they crossed the line at a safe distance from each other, *Vigilant* to windward. From the start *Defender* drew ahead rapidly, and was very soon clear of *Vigilant*, and opening out faster with every foot sailed. When some three miles had been covered the wind fell, and the two were left to drift, one or the other profiting in turn by a stray cat's-paw. After a time a little breeze from the south headed them, and brought them to the mark with sheets in, *Defender* having to tack, while *Vigilant*, now over five minutes astern, barely squeezed by.

With spinnakers to starboard they ran slowly, the sky gradually clouding over, with a rumble of thunder in the distance, and in the middle of the leg they were treated to a brief but cooling shower. *Defender* had gained a little on the leg, the times when they luffed around the last mark showing some 7 min. 30 sec. lead.

The last leg was sailed in a brief and not very heavy squall, the wind well ahead. While *Vigilant* struck her club-topsail, and legged it at times under a bare topmast, *Defender* made a fine showing by carrying her big club-topsail through the blow, though her jib split from clew to luff. She finally won by 18 min., but at least 6 of these were due to the wind dropping and leaving *Vigilant* after *Defender* had crossed the line. A third trial was ordered for the following day.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND MR. WATSON arrived on the *Teutonic* late on August 28th, and joined *Valkyrie* early Thursday morning. Just as *Defender* and *Vigilant* started off from the Scotland Light-ship *Valkyrie* came around the point of Sandy Hook with one of the finest suits of canvas, as well as the largest, ever seen on a yacht. Aided by a draught of air down the beach, she ghosted along after the racers, and carrying rather more wind, ran up within half a mile of them just before they were becalmed. After a short inspection she sailed off to the north; but there was something exceedingly disquieting in the size and set of her sails, the regular motion of her big black hull, and the suggestive manner in which she hauled up on both *Defender* and *Vigilant*.

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